Vol. CXLII No. 1844.

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THE BYSTANDER April 19, 1939

The BYSTANDER

Dinner, Dance & Cabaret : A Going-Out Guide

New York Letter : Stage : Films : Sport : Society

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The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes

At Wentworth

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (15th year), at Wentworth, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the East and Centre Courses, on Tuesday, May 2nd, 1939.

Holders: MISS WANDA MORGAN and MISS JESSIE ANDERSON.

WENTWORTH — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss HELME, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, April 21st, 1939.

The "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (15th Year)

To be played at Wentworth, Tuesday, May 2nd, 1939.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No*.....

To play in the above Foursomes at Wentworth, with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No*.....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30; play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will *not* be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries, to be made on the accompanying form, limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme in writing, giving full particulars of the new partner.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over thirty-six holes, eighteen holes on the East Course and eighteen on the Centre Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Friday, April 21st, or earlier if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor by April 26th.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the East Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Centre Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of thirty-six holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the East Course and on the Centre Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tying couples over the East Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tying cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes (16th Year)

At Turnberry (Ailsa Course), May 9th to 12th, 1939

Holders: MRS. ECKFORD WALLACE and MISS PURVIS-RUSSELL-MONTGOMERY.

Entries close Friday, April 21st.

Open to all players, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English, or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign and other competitors without L.G.U. handicaps.

TURNBERRY — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss HELME, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, by Friday, April 21st, 1939.

The "BYSTANDER" LADIES' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES at Turnberry (Ailsa Course), May 9th, 1939, and following days.

PLEASE PRINT.

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No*.....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at Turnberry with

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club.*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address.....

..... *Telephone No*.....

Please notify change of address, handicap or partner to Miss Helme as above, or after May 4th to her at Turnberry Hotel, Ayrshire. Telephone or Telegrams: Turnberry 202.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit. Handicap certificates to be shown before play, but the BYSTANDER reserves the right to accept entries from players without L.G.U. handicaps.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. HELME, the BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, not later than Friday, April 21st.

The BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above in a knock-out match play tournament. Seeded draw.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTEL

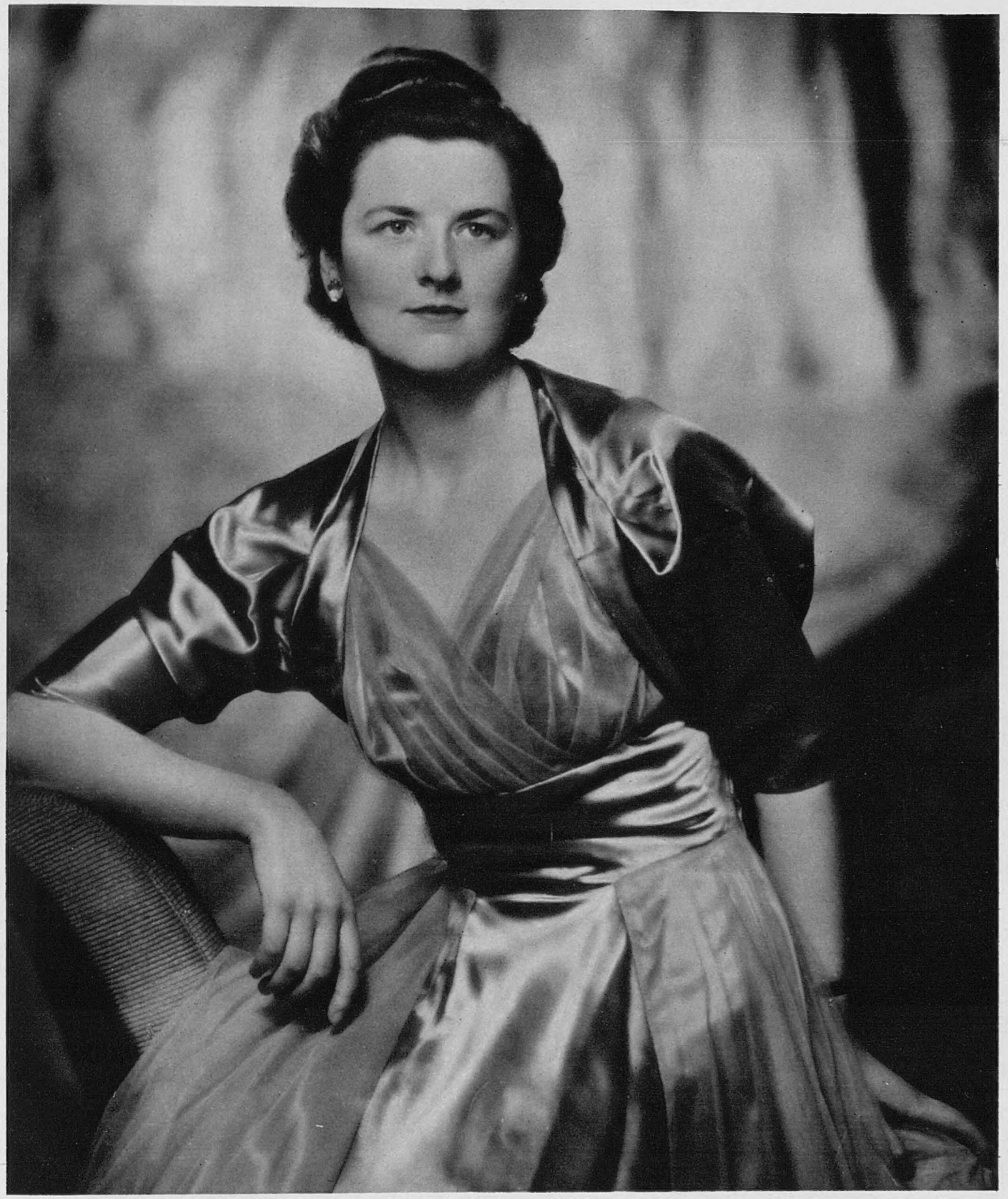
The TURNBERRY HOTEL offers competitors special terms of 17s. 6d. per day, inclusive of all meals. Miss Helme will be there from the evening of May 7th.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be begun at Turnberry during the Foursomes. ALL ENTRANTS FOR THE "BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS: Medal play under L.G.U. handicap. Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card. Entries received on day of play only.

The Bystander



Fayer

Engaged—Lady Barbara Lindsay

Lady Barbara Lindsay's engagement to Richard Lumley Hurst was announced last week. She is the youngest of the five daughters of the Earl and Countess of Crawford and Balcarres, of Haigh Hall, Wigan, Balcarres, Fife, and 7, Audley Square, W.1. Her father, who sits in the House of Lords as Lord Wigan, is the Premier Earl on the Union Roll of Scotland. Her fiancé is the elder son of Sir Cecil Hurst, Vice-President of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, and Lady Hurst. His parents live either at The Hague, or at Rusper Nunnery, Horsham, Sussex

***The King and Queen** had a day with the Army at Aldershot last Thursday, were taken over a good deal of country by the G.O.C.-in-C., Lieut.-General Sir John Dill, and shown exercises, model barracks and many new styles of death-dealing engines. One of the significant moments of the day was the presentation to their Majesties of two Turkish officers attached to the R.A., Captain Raif Unal and Captain Raci Alpsan—on the same day that the Premier announced new British guarantees in Europe and approchement with Turkey*

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By Edward Mordant

THIS is not the moment to seek to exacerbate opinion either here or abroad by provocative discussion upon the latest provocation. But even so, after Albania, England may be allowed to emit a preliminary warning growl in answer to the screams of the jackal-packs. After all, the old lion has always been "ce grand animal qui est si méchant que quand on l'attaque il se défend." Therefore let us dally for a moment with Signor Gayda, who plays in happy alternation the roles of the Poison Pen of Europe and of a music-hall statistician.

IN his first capacity he rejoices that the urgent wish of the Albanian people to live their own lives in their own way has been fulfilled by Italy with characteristic generosity and completeness. No longer, it seems, will the ignoble elements of that inordinately numerous and immensely well-equipped people menace the security of the trembling Jugo-Slavs—a security as dear to Signor Gayda as it is to those nobler Albanians who have offered the King of Italy Zog's crown under no pressure except that of their consciences—and of one hundred and seventy-three warships, squadrons of aeroplanes and tanks. But what are a few rounds of ammunition in face, thinks Signor Gayda, of the insuperable insistence by the freedom-loving Albanians on the sacrifice of their freedom.

THAT is one aspect of the ferocious Signor (who may, for all I know, in private life, if he has time for one, be as gentle a lion as Mr. Potts of the *Eatanswill Gazette*, and subject to the same domestic tribulations). Now let us see him balancing statistics, while standing them and himself on their and his head. He is never tired of assuring a hostile world that ten million Italian bayonets are behind each inspired word written by himself and his associates. The presence of so much cutlery may help to confuse the excitable publicist. So let us work out his figures for him. If Italy can put 10,000,000 men in the line, she must have an adult male population of some 40,000,000, since modern warfare involves three men behind the line for every one in it. But even if this initial difficulty could be overcome, 10,000,000 rifles means 2,000,000,000 rounds per day on a ration of 200. This is 14,000,000,000 a week, and my readers can work out the annual sum, then double it for machine-gun ammunition—and then enquire whether Signor Gayda has tapped a private supply of steel straight from Mars, a planet from which he is plainly an ambassador with plenipotentiary powers.

WHICH brings me first to a note I have received from the newly elected Deputy for the District of Nice. In answer to my note of congratulation, he wrote in the cool French way that France has in times of peril "je suis sûr que nos deux pays sauront courageusement faire face au danger." And if we are to outface danger, that means not only Danton's audacity thrice repeated, but Anderson's National Service over and over and over. Happily there is the best of news both of the progress in Territorial recruiting and in all classes of A.R.P. and other national protection. The Territorials have got off the mark magnificently, and the pace will accelerate of its own weight. On the National Service side we are approaching the million mark since the inception of the campaign at the beginning of February. These, unlike Signor Gayda's, are hard facts, not dum-dum bullets, the result of soft heads.

AND that reminds me of Easter, not because my head suffered from its lack of resisting quality, but because really one ought to let up sometimes. And were we allowed this breathing-space? Alas! you will be the first to admit, the answer is "*No.*" First there were the Good Friday celebrations in Albania, already mentioned, and then, to complete the assault on our shuddering nerves, was the action of the Glasgow magistrates in forbidding the playing of darts in the public-houses. These are dark hours indeed. When I say that this blow to freedom will shock the conscience of England (and, I should think, of Herr Hitler, who is sensitive to shocks in matters affecting this country), I speak with no personal bias. So far from being a darts champion, I have never transfixed the board, let alone that beastly inner ring which, in my view, has a purely technical significance. I speak for the population of Glasgow, doomed henceforth to substitute conversation on politics for healthy exercise. And shall darts die? Then a hundred-

thousand from Paisley to Govan will know the reason why.

Now, if Glasgow Corporation had extended its bar to Le Touquet over Easter, their action might well have been defended. Such was the unbridled enthusiasm of all concerned that gamblers left the casino in evening-dress at lunch-time, thus proving their unbroken tenacity in the face of risks to both bank and mental balances. Perhaps, however, the cause of the feverish excitement lay elsewhere. A number of the players may have thought that they were having a last fling. Well, if that were so, it won the world's record for flinging.

Many, no doubt, were looking forward to Mr. Chamberlain's speech, and were filling in time as best they could. And it can be said in justification of their attitude that all French eyes were turned across the Channel, which in its cruel and sunlit serenity reminded some of the older of the bright, blazing days of 1914. Not that the French showed the faintest signs of either panic or undue excitement. As a nation they are best at times of crisis. They reserve what is called their temperament as a luxury for export. They live hard and cold and clean at home, and, above all, when they are challenged. And for this reason they have a great liking for this good Chamberlain. He is also quiet when lesser men (and events) are roaring about him. As all the world knows, a French umbrella is now a "Chamberlain." Who knows, the famous tune may be re-written to the words "Chamberlain s'en va t'en paix."

His speech, at any rate, did nothing to clang the gates in the temple of Janus. (He has left them open, but if anybody imagines that the spirit of England is asleep or upon a journey, let him put his head in and see what happens.) Whoever makes that attempt, it will not be the Panda. He (or she) is the Fabius Cunctator of the animal world. Her lovely laziness of gesture is Pavlova in slow motion. She nothing common does nor mean, but slowly embraces herself and the whole of London falls at her feet. She triumphed noticeably at Easter. A new situation had to be found large enough to satisfy her admirers. She is, however, not, as some have suggested, receiving a 10-per-cent. royalty in addition to the visitors. When interviewed on this, she is understood to have replied (with her paws in front of her eyes): "Any other Panda would have done the same."

I am informed that her only serious rivals in the history of the Zoo have been the first giraffe, the hippo, and Jumbo. In the case of the first, women adopted spotted dresses and the mashers spotted ties under their Dundreary whiskers. But the giraffe's vogue was short, because the length of its neck led to experiments with collars of a disastrous kind. Jumbo, on the other hand, was a triumph of personality. He was, I regret to admit, a confirmed exhibitionist, and underwent the doom of such. Not so our Panda, who represents the embodiment of what is not a Dictator. If, indeed, she be one of the Abominable Snowmen, how infinitely to be preferred to the unspeakable Yes-men who infest contemporary lack of civilisation.

And then there is the Rev. W. H. Browne, of the Gantshill Methodist Church, Ilford. Very well, but why complain to us about it? I am not complaining. I am merely observing that in his parish magazine he has been complaining of improper jokes made by B.B.C. comedians. "The difference," says he, "between the fifteenth-century coarseness of Rabelais and the twentieth-century verbal lewdness is that Rabelais was open and hearty with his indecencies, where our modern purveyors of the cult are furtive." Now, where do we go from here? Does the Rev. W. H. Browne wish the B.B.C. to go Rabelaisian? Or, alternatively, does he think that one of the greatest social (and religious) reformers of all times was just a back-chat comedian? Or (dare it be whispered) has he never read a word of the terrific Frenchman?

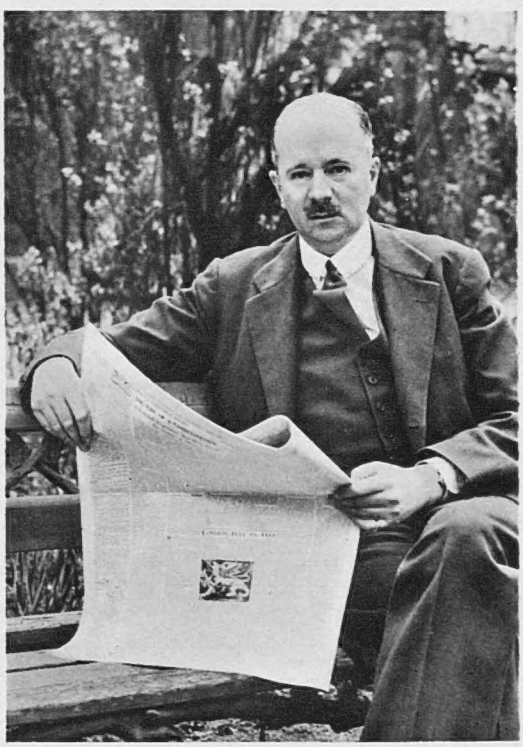
And, anyhow, what is the matter with the B.B.C. comedian? There are two or three of them who are absolute top-notchers. There 's one couple whose cross-talk has almost persuaded one to buy a receiving-set. But it 's no good sending me letters about sets. I have only one principle in life. I never buy when I can borrow.

Round the Restaurants

The "Bystander" monthly Going-Out Guide—"Dinner, Dance, and Cabaret"—will be found on pages E to J before the Frontispiece.

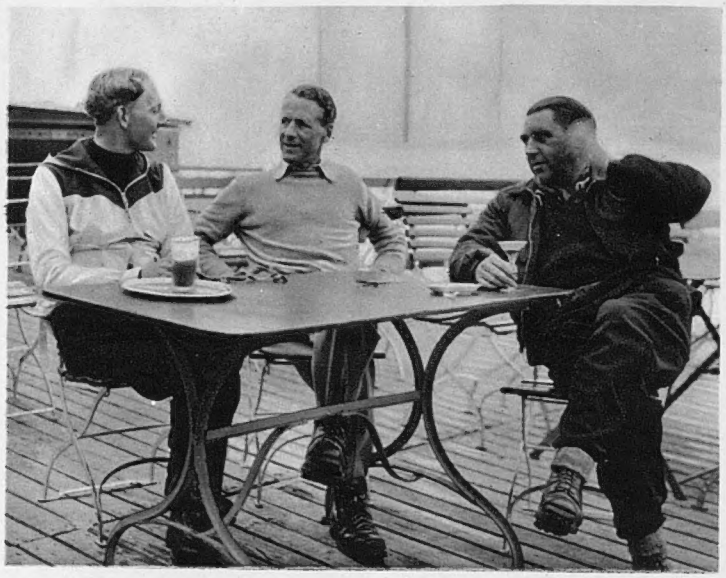
Mr. Winston Churchill *was on top of his form in the Commons last Thursday with a vigorous speech in which he scathingly dealt with his old antagonist Lord Stanhope for having the Mediterranean Fleet "scattered from one end of the sea to the other" on Good Friday, praised the press picture of the Albanian situation, jibed at Lady Astor, drew nods of approval from Mr. Lloyd George. Here, leaving for Parliament with Mr. Brendan Bracken, M.P.*

Feisul II. of Irak *looks just as pleased as any three-year-old boy ought to look when he is suddenly made a king. The Iraki Government moved swiftly in proclaiming Feisul a few hours after his father, King Ghazi, succumbed to his passion for high-speed motoring*

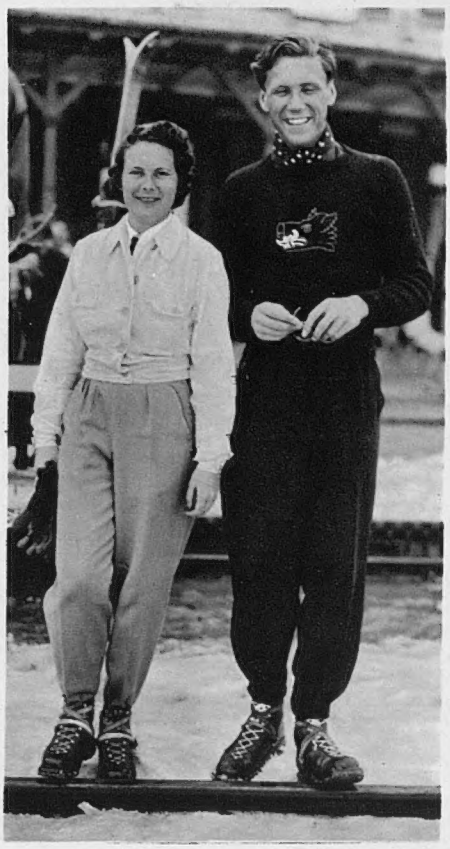


The Hon. Arthur Hope *is appointed Governor-Designate of Madras Province and will succeed Lord Erskine in November in charge of the oldest and most important of the three original Presidencies of Clive's time. Captain Hope is Lord Rankeillour's heir, has sat in the Commons for Aston, Birmingham, since 931 and been Treasurer of H.M. Household since 1937. He won the M.C. and Croix de Guerre in France*

Easter at Scheidegg

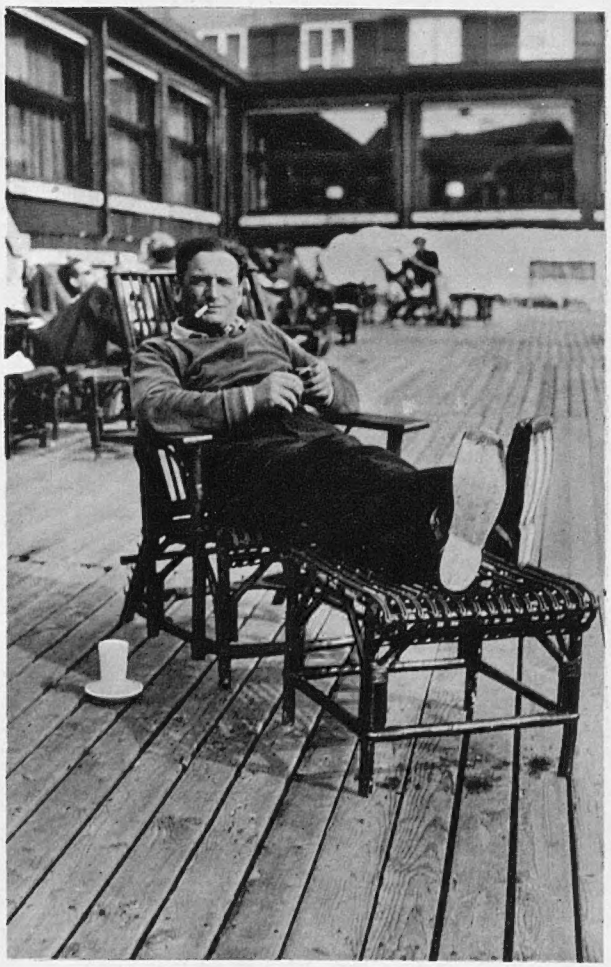


Lord Clydesdale *sat on the Scheidegg terrace between another M.P., Stewart Russell (Shettleston), and Captain Eric Gandar Dower. The latter owns the Aberdeen air-port, runs the flying school there, and two air lines. He is also working hard for the Air Defence Cadet Corps in Aberdeen, and only took four days off to ski*



Brother and sister *are Daphne and Bill Stephenson, who were out there with their parents. Their father is W. L. Stephenson, of Woolworth and yachting fame. Bill Stephenson's sweater marks him down a member of the Gadarene Club*

Not hurrying, *though the train was just due to leave, was Capt. Robert Brackenbury. He and his wife (Truelove Springman that was) and children are at Scheidegg for the whole month*



Swiss milk *is a heavenly drink drunk in an after-ski-ing setting. John Barclay, known as "Phiz," made a good best of it, between runs, on the Kleine Scheidegg terrace where hours of idleness are put in every spring when the sun shines*

Six months *of the year is the ski season of Mr. and Mrs. Dickie Parke (she was Emmy Whelen, Viennese musical-comedy star). They were going to Zermatt from Scheidegg and then to Cervina on the Italian side of the Matterhorn*

Four hours *was all this couple, Mr. and Mrs. Dicky Thornton, gave Scheidegg. They didn't like the look of the weather, so left to motor to Cannes. And by Easter Saturday the sun had come out. They have a son and heir born in January*

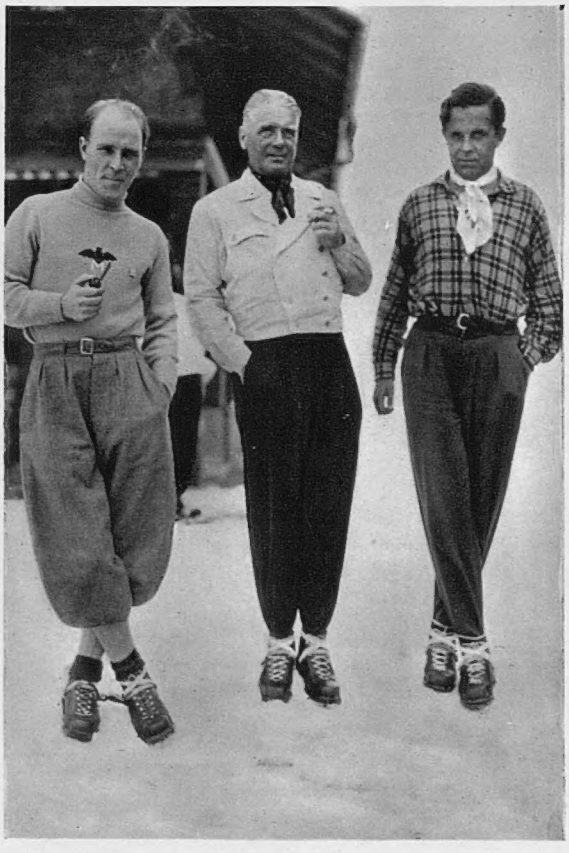
Pupil *of Vivian Caulfield (see right) is Mrs. Hugh Leveson Gower, whose fairly brief ski-ing career is a fine réclame for her teacher. She was a skating Gold Medallist before she took to the snow*

Teacher, *pioneer and theorist of ski-ing is Vivian Caulfield. Like many true mountaineers he writes well of what he loves, as well as on technical questions. His son, Barry Caulfield, a graceful exponent of his father's "style," is now a professional*

The telescope *doesn't work, agreed Jimmy Gardner and Eric Lewns. The former is an English ski international, and brother of the King's Cup winning pilot. The latter is a 1931 Gold K, and a prop of the Kandahar Club in Mürren, judging tests, etc.*

In a hurry *Lady Clydesdale ran for the 1.45 train up to Scheidegg. She and her husband were staying in Wengen. On Saturday week her sister, Lady Diana Percy, is marrying Lord Brackley at Westminster Abbey*

Vorlagers *have almost but not quite ousted plus-fours and English trousers this year. Miss Kathleen Holmes (known as "Frog" in the ski-ing world) wears them, and so does Hamer Bagnall. His sunburn is permanent, from cricket in the summer to ski-ing in the winter*



Cross-over straps *are everywhere, too, to hold the heel right down in the boot. These three are Charles Taylor, M.P. for Eastbourne, W. L. Stephenson, whose son and daughter are above on the left, and Tom Ohlson, Sir Eric Ohlson's brother, and a member of the Bracken Club. Behind them is Scheidegg's one and only shop*

Social Register

FOUR WEDDINGS

Lord Howland and Mrs. Hollway

Lord Howland is the twenty-two-year-old heir of the Marquess and Marchioness of Tavistock, and grandson of the Duke of Bedford. Mrs. Clare ("Brownie") Hollway is the youngest daughter of the late E. J. Bridgman and Mrs. Bridgman. They were married just before Easter at Caxton Hall register office

Miss Valerie Hobson and Mr. Havelock-Allan

Anthony Havelock-Allan, nephew of Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, Bt., and Valerie Hobson, film star daughter of Com. and Mrs. R. G. Hobson, of 32, Grosvenor Street, W.1, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the London Films' producer, and she is the London Films' star; they met making "This Man is News," and lately have worked together on and in "The Silent Battle"

The Hon. Henry

Henry Richard All- Hindlip's brother, and daughter of Lt.-Col. of Hazelbech Hill minster Abbey wed- have gone abroad

RIVIERA EASTER

Lady Orr-Lewis, Lady Guernsey

Lady (Doris) Orr-Lewis and Lady Guernsey were two grown-up guests at Mrs. Woolley-Hart's children's party in her villa above Cannes. Lady Guernsey, whose husband was killed in the war, is the Earl of Aylesford's mother

Mme. d'Estainville and Her Children

Real guests at Mrs. Woolley-Hart's children's party were Kim, Ellen and Anne Marie d'Estainville, the attractive family of Mme. René d'Estainville. She was Rita Readhead before she married her French husband

Danilova and Markova

Alexandra Danilova and Alicia Markova arrived in Monte Carlo with a fair share of baggage off the Rex in which they had come from New York. The Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo season opened just before Easter, with Massine's new ballet to Borodine music, "Bogatiry," in the first-night programme

Fayer

Allsopp and Miss Borwick

sopp, Coldstream Guards, Lord Cecily Valentine Jane Borwick, and Mrs. Malcolm Borwick, Northampton, had a Westding last Wednesday, and for their honeymoon

Miss Spencer-Nairn and Mr. Powell

John Henry Courthope Powell and Helen Claire Spencer-Nairn had a Scottish country wedding at Christ's Kirk-on-the-Green, Leslie, Fife. He is the son of the late R. H. Powell, and Mrs. Powell, of 17, Tite Street, S.W.3. She is the second daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Spencer-Nairn, of Leslie House, Fife. They have gone abroad for their honeymoon

DEBUTANTES' PARTY

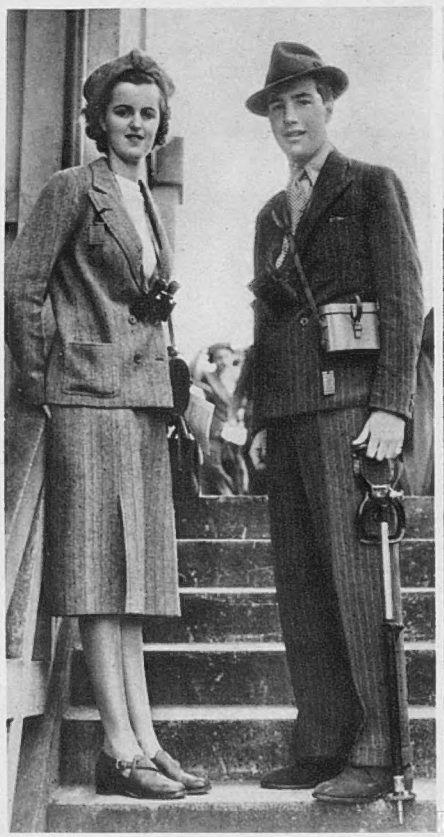
Miss Rank and Miss Gilbert

Patricia Unity Rank, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Rank, and Josephine Gilbert, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Gilbert, both 1939 debutantes, gave a joint cocktail-party to 150 of their friends at the Dorchester last week. They are each having a dance, one in May and one in June

AN ENGAGEMENT

Miss Symons-Jeune and Sir Giles Loder

Sir Giles Loder and Marie Symons-Jeune announced their engagement a week ago, were photographed among the daffodils at Leonardslee, his home near Horsham, Sussex. He is the third baronet, and is twenty-four. She is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Symons-Jeune, of Runnymede House, Old Windsor



Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, Mr. Tree

Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, debutante daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, was talking to Michael Tree on the steps of the Towcester grandstand. She arrived back from America with her mother a week before Easter

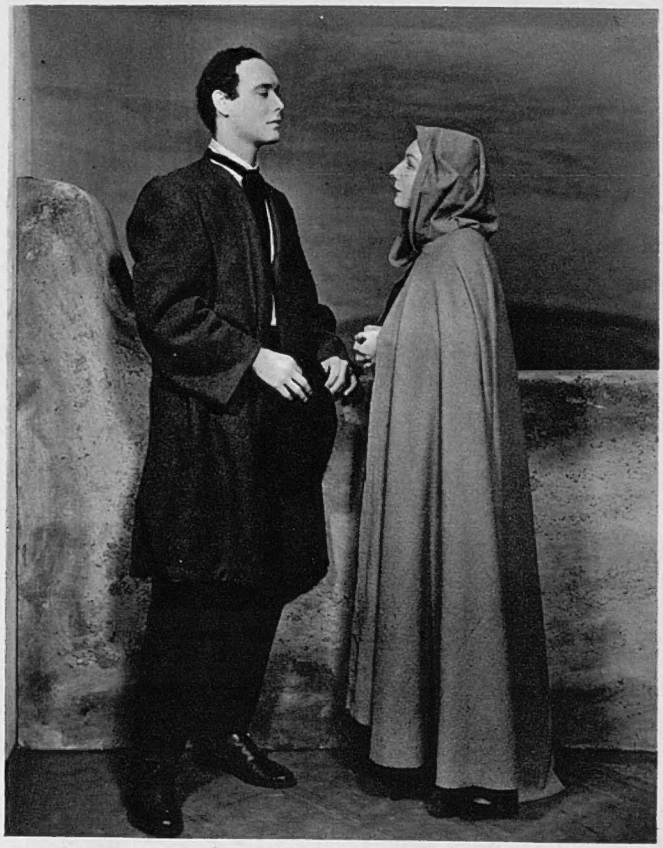
The Hon. Henry and Mrs. Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil were at the Easter Monday meeting at Kempton. They are going to settle at Newmarket. Mrs. Cecil was Rohays Burnett before her marriage last autumn to Lord Amherst of Hackney's younger brother and heir-presumptive

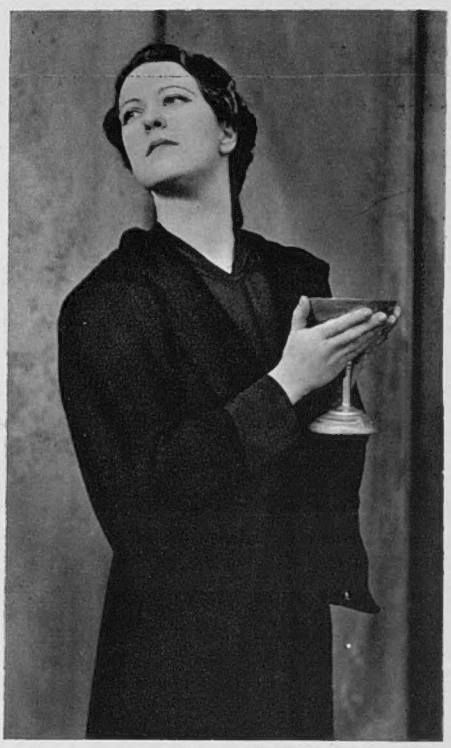
"Family Portrait" A New York Stage Success

It was announced last week that Jack Hawkins had returned from the short Broadway run of *Dear Octopus* with the rights of a play that has been packing them into the Morosco Theatre, New York: *Family Portrait*, by two Hollywood writers. If the Lord Chamberlain's office passes the play, Mr. Hawkins hopes to present it here. *Family Portrait* is the story of Jesus' family in Nazareth and of their reactions to Him, but He does not appear (see our New York correspondent's note on p. 100); the family is shown as of modern American artisan class. These pictures are of the Broadway production, which is by English Margaret Webster

Photographs by Vandamm, New York



Judas and Mary: *Leonard Elliott plays the traitor, Judith Anderson is the central on-stage figure, the Mother of the Holy Family*



Mary of Magdala: *Margaret Webster, who produces the play, acts the converted prostitute*

The carpenters of Nazareth: *Mary (Judith Anderson) is surrounded by her four younger sons, brothers of Jesus, normal artisan boys (James Harker, Tom Ewell, Philip Coolidge, Norman Stuart)*

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Heaven and Charing Cross" (St. Martin's)

IT is pleasant to read on the programme of this tragic, slice-of-lifey drama that the action takes place "in the summer of the present year"; for while we sympathise with the sorrows of Mrs. Norman, whose whiteheaded boy, after strangulating a tart, only escapes the clutches of the law by running under a motor-bus, anyway there isn't a war on, and we would gladly sacrifice all the characters in the piece for such a welcome reassurance. The setting is a newspaper shop in North London. The real tragedy is less in the death of those who die than in the life of those who live—more particularly the life of Mrs. Norman's hunchback daughter Lily, who adores her mother and is left desperately unsatisfied by the rare crumbs of affection that come her way. Why Mrs. Norman, though besotted on her son, is not fonder of Lily, Mr. Aubrey Danvers-Walker, the author, does not very clearly explain. Nevertheless, he makes the situation credible enough. The stupidity, too, of Mrs. Norman when endeavouring to shield her boy from the police is reasonably suggested. The most serious complaint that can be made against *Heaven and Charing Cross* is that it lacks quality. A good play? Scarcely. A bad play? Hardly. A middling play? Most emphatically. Which means that one is disinclined to commend or to condemn.

THE players are called upon to present a gallery of lower-middle-class types. This they accomplish effectively enough, though quality again does not emerge. Miss Mary Clare as the mother achieves no great emotional moments, but she never seems unreal. Miss Jean Shepeard might pad a little more as the hunchback, but we do not disbelieve in her. Mr. George Carney as the father keeps us in a good humour until his last entrance, when, having grave news to impart, he reveals well-controlled emotional powers. Most of the relatives and gossips and detectives are truthfully portrayed without being either over- or under-done. The shop-bell rings, the visitors come and go, the tragedy unfolds, of nothing do you say "How wrong!" and of nothing do you say "How right!" It all ought to be ever so much better and all could be ever so much worse. And the more I write about it, the more uninteresting I shall become!

A CRITIC, no doubt, should have strong feelings one way or the other. But if he hasn't, he must not vamp them up. Better retire from the job altogether. Next week, with better luck, I shall be in a fury or in a transport of delight. Till then, rust nib. The rest is blotting-paper.

Tart about to meet a sticky end: Bella (Ena Moon) and Charlie Norman (Frederick Peisley)

Sketches by Rouson

Young marrieds—and the groom not yet recovered from the shock (Helen Goss and Alban Blakelock)

Old marrieds: Mr. and Mrs. Norman (George Carney and Mary Clare)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" It's singing 'Underneath the Spreading Chestnut-tree' "

HAVING ventured the opinion in this page a little time ago that it is fatal to jape with 100 per cent. Nordics (also with lawyers, rich women, Big Business men, lunatics, and vegetarians) we were relieved to find that Dr. Brandt of the Swedish Riksdag has dropped his public proposal to run Hitler for this year's Nobel Peace Prize, the most strongly-fancied favourite for which at the moment is Dr. Benes. When Dr. Brandt first gravely proposed Hitler masses of his blue-eyed countrymen were taken right aback and brought up all standing, including two generals and two colonels, who, as you might expect, sent their congratulations. Upon which Dr. Brandt, judging that the jape had gone far enough, withdrew his bit of " obvious irony " in dismay, and has not brought it up again. And we guess that by next September or October the streets of Stockholm will be suddenly ringing with laughter, the fact that it *was* irony having dawned on the Swedes at large.

In our degraded view any inconvenience suffered by Dr. Brandt for this jape serves him right. Irony is a dangerous thing to play about with in more Nordic or quasi-Nordic countries than Sweden, mentioning no names. Its use, even in a gentle primary way, evokes loud yells of rage and anguish from most Fleet Street editors. We knew one once whose nose bled whenever he heard the word. " For God's sake," he cried passionately to a chap we know who mentioned it, " *will* you remember the Cabman's Wife ? "—meaning that type and symbol of the British reading public for whom his type of newspaper was exclusively written. Our booksy and semi-booksy critic boys fight shy of irony also, and generally confuse it with satire or sarcasm in any case ; a pity, because irony is a wonderful weapon and produces fine entertainment for man or beast. The French, who are very good at irony and heighten its effect by never explaining, use it a great deal, and after all it requires only three factors—(*a*) you, (*b*) your stooge or target and (*c*) somebody else (a third person, or your own dear self, or even as a modern English master of irony has said, " God Who made us, and in Whom is mirrored universal truth ") who knows the real intention of your jest, which is concealed from your target (*b*).

Thirst for knowledge

The reason Nordics of every type fear and shun irony as a weapon is, a bookie in Leeds once told us, because of their Primal Innocence and great virginal beauty of soul.

Fun

" IT was fun," said the ex-Aquitania cook who recently fooled the Middle West by pretending to be " a prominent English journalist " and lecturer on foreign affairs, and we bet that was putting it mildly. The women's clubs which thickly stud the Middle West fell for him in a big way, and in his baggage the police found more than twenty proposals of marriage, a thing which—correct us if ignobly wrong—rarely or never happens to visiting British novelists, whose pans are for the most part more impressive than enticing, evoking in the female beholder feelings of awe rather than desire. (This saves them a lot of bother, incidentally, the ruthlessness of the female American in pursuit of her fancy being well known.) To hear some of those returned booksy boys talk, nevertheless you 'd think they 'd slain hundreds with their eye daily and left half American womanhood preparing to jump off the nineteenth floor. Even moderate success in the booksy racket, we 've noticed often, gives the homeliest of the boys the idea that they 're a joint reincarnation of Casanova and the Apollo Belvedere. This is curious.

What we 're waiting with mild interest to know is which " prominent English journalist " the merry ship's cook impersonated. (Five possible names on the tip of our tongue already . . .) Whoever it is, this escapade has probably ruined the Middle West market for him for some time, alas ! Even in Mayfair hostesses don't much like being fooled. In the Middle West, where they 're much more exclusive—try busting into the inner circles of Kansas City or Denver society without the proper passports—it makes them hopping mad.

Farewell

WE 'D cry more heartily over the recent demise of the *London Mercury* if it hadn't gone so priggish and Leftish of late years and smelt overmuch of Bloomsbury and Auden-Spenderism. When Sir John (then Jack) Squire founded it with Murray Allison in 1919 it was only reasonably highbrow and only relatively the stamping-ground of a coterie, the curious thing about the so-called " Squirearchy " in those jolly post-war years being that if you accused any one

of its members in a pub of belonging to it he would fall into a frightful passion and deny it with hysteric oaths. The poets of the group generally went about with clenched fists, which terrified and bemused the populace a good deal, especially as the boys all appeared in Sir John's year-end anthology called *Georgian Poetry*, freshly brushed and shaved, smiling, clean, and matey as all-get-out. We could never find out why they so hotly resented the implication that "Jack" Squire wiped their noses and corrected their spelling, for if any chaps were a group those chaps were a group; and why the devil not?

We mixed a lot with the *Mercury* boys at one time, silently feeling their biceps and agreeing with them that there was no such thing as a group called the Squirearchy, and very, very proud of knowing them, po' white trash as we are. Then one wonderful day we nearly got into the *Mercury* ourselves—a little piece about lassitude it was, beautifully written, all about our feeling so tired in the mornings and getting No Kick out of Life and being Unable to Let Up, etc., until a friend advised us to try Boppo. Since Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn-Burial* there hadn't been a bit of prose like it in the language, and it never appeared even in the back pages, owing to God knows what intrigues and double-crossings. After leaving this piece out the *Mercury* began to go down and down and the next thing we found was that Sir John had left the editorial chair and the whole thing had burst into pink spots.

Glossary

THE Island Race may be slow in the uptake, and even cock-eyed, but by gad it's tenacious, as we perceive from the increasingly widespread currency of the word "jitterbug," first used quite wrongly by Sir Samuel Hoare and now used quite wrongly every other day by after-dinner speakers, M.P.'s, gossip boys, and the Dear knows whom. "Jitterbug" is a technical American word meaning the particular kind of dance-crazy paranoiac who is driven raving mad by jungle or "swing" music, not—as Sir Samuel and the boys blandly assume—a citizen with jitters. We doubt now if the true meaning will ever be re-established in this country; the Race as a whole doesn't attach much meaning to words and prefers its own version, right or wrong, and there's nothing to be done about it. However, since one feels somehow that words mean what they mean and not just anything, one ventures to append (as Auntie *Times's* correspondents say) a brief list, from a private source, of other current American words, with their actual meanings, before Sir Samuel and the boys can get at them. We don't know if you admire American slang as we do. Consider the literary magnificence of some of these:

FACE, *n.*: Map, pan, mush, puss. (Hence Vinegar-puss, pickle-puss, sourpuss).

STUPID, *adj.*: Punchdrunk, punchy, slugnutty, slaphappy, out-to-lunch-mentally, has nothing on the ball. (Used of a dumb cluck, lunkhead, dope, or featherhead.)

TO DEFEAT COMPLETELY, *v.*: To cream, to cool, to smear, to shellac.

ECCENTRIC (PLEASANTLY), *adj.*: Screwy, wacky, dizzy. (Used of a screwball or a wack.)

DRUG ADDICT, *n.*: Hophead, cokey, snowbird. (Persons addicted to muggles, reefers, or marijuana cigarettes are said to be dreamy as a reefer; other types are hopped up or coked up.)

UNATTRACTIVE PERSON: Greaseball, wet smack, drip, frost, meatball.

All this month's words. Next month they'll probably be all obsolete, but as it's quite likely that one of our big boys will be attracted by one of them before it disappears and will henceforth infallibly misuse it in speech and print, we thought you might be interested to know what the real meanings are.

Rebel

TOM PAINE, the revolutionist and Friend of Man, whose house at Lewes has a curious carved red demon brooding over it, is now to have a statue in the Parc Montsouris in Paris, we observe; a curiously belated recognition by French Radicals of an Englishman who had a certain amount to do with the Revolution, Mr. Paine being one of those boys who freely stick a long quivering nose into other people's business. Thus in 1791 we find him placarding Paris with revolutionary manifestos, in 1792 he is elected to a seat in the Assembly, and in the upheavals of Thermidor '94, when Robespierre falls, Mr. Deputy Paine nearly gets it in the neck as well. We've never seen this incident adapted for play or film, yet it's pure melodrama. Awaiting his fate in a cell in the Luxembourg, Mr. Paine is at length pricked for the guillotine by Fouquier-Tinville, and the turnkey comes round at night to put the red chalk-mark on the door. As it happens, Paine's outer door is open and turned back on the wall; the turnkey chalks it and hurries on. Another turnkey passes, fails—being also drunk—to see the mark, bangs the door to, and Mr. Paine's stringy neck is saved. Just one of those incidents which happen constantly in real life but which the film boys call too phoney.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Well, Ethel, we'll just have to put on our thinking-caps"

Films of the Day

Good on Stage, Fair on Screen

By George Campbell

If Robert E. Sherwood had written nothing else, *The Petrified Forest* and *Idiot's Delight* would still entitle him to be regarded as one of the few significant playwrights of his generation. He has wit, he has a superb sense of character, and (rarest of all) he has something to say.

There is no need to analyse *Idiot's Delight*: it is too well known as a play. What people will want to know, I suppose, is whether the film is as good; and on the whole, allowing for the fact that the first impression is always the most vivid, I hardly think it is. The adaptation is skilful enough, and the acting very good in patches and nowhere downright bad. And yet something seems to have gone out of it. Perhaps it is the concentrated bitterness, the holy fury aroused in the dramatist by the spectacle of dictators and munitions magnates crucifying people like the nice young English honeymoon couple, and Dumpsy the waiter, and the French pacifist, and the rather shady hoofer and the international courtesan, typically imperfect representatives of all the kindly race of men. Obviously fear of censorship has a good deal to do with it. Some of Mr. Sherwood's more vitriolic speeches have been toned down or cut out altogether, notably Irene's horrifying picture of the fate that awaits the honeymooners—he squashed to a pulp beneath a tank, she dying like a rat in a cellar during an air raid.

Enough remains to make *Idiot's Delight* a picture of more than average interest. The writing is always good and in places brilliant, the direction is slick enough, and the acting—ah! but that is another trouble. It is, as I have said, nowhere actually bad; and some of the minor parts are played extremely well—Dumpsy (William Edmunds), for instance, and the captain (Joseph Schildkraut). The weakness is at the top. Clark Gable and Norma Shearer are two highly competent performers, but nowise brilliant; and Harry Van and Irene are characters that call for qualities outside their range. Mr. Gable is too vigorous, too much of a go-getter, to be quite credible as the tenth-rate showman always down on his luck; and Miss Shearer is too obviously the nice American girl to pass convincingly for the adventuress passing nights with strange men and finding compensation for a life of shabby failure in the world of lies she is always conjuring up. Amusing and likeable, yes; convincing—I mean convincing as a fake—never. The supporting cast includes Charles Coburn as the German scientist; Skeets Gallagher, rather oddly cast as the professional glad-hander; Edward Arnold as the arms magnate; and Burgess Meredith, whom I don't remember seeing since *Winterset*, as the dreamer Quillery, dying for free speech against a wall.

Years ago I saw, and liked, a film of war on the Eastern front called *Hotel Imperial*, starring Pola Negri. Now they have made it again, this time with Isa Miranda, the Italian blonde whose performance in *Lo Squadrone Bianco* won her a Hollywood contract. Paramount are said to have the highest hopes of her, and she is certainly very lovely, in face and figure, besides being a pretty fair actress. I have a hunch, though there is not much light stuff in *Hotel Imperial*, that she might be better in comedy. It may have been faulty direction or just inexperience; but the fact is that in the dramatic scenes she doesn't quite get over.

Ray Milland, too, is rather a lightweight, for all his charm and good looks; and the result is that the suspense, that should be so agonising, is no more painful than waiting for a bus in the rain or a four-foot putt for a half at Walton Heath. Reginald Owen gives another of his amusing bravura performances as a Russian general with a passion for painting; and J. Carrol Naish is brilliant as a spy with a monocle and a sense of the dramatic carried to his last exit.

"They Drive by Night" is a small British picture, but an extremely interesting one. James Curtis's thriller about a murderer with a sex kink has some shrewd characterisation, and the adapters have kept it moving. The hunt for the innocent suspect up and down the Great North Road has the relentlessness of a pack of well-trained hounds on a hot scent; the detail is well-observed, and the fugitive's escapes never too improbable; and the characterisation is the best I have ever seen in a British film of low life. Almost invariably English actors condescend to the lower orders: they over-act to the point of parody, which millions must find offensive. Emlyn Williams plays the fugitive ex-convict without a false note; and Anna Konstam, as the little taxi dancer who befriends him, gives a performance to remember.

None of the other films is important. *Blackwell's Island* is a satire, in places very funny, on the lengths to which corrupt American officialdom went a few years ago in pampering criminals with wealth and political pull. *What a Woman!* is yet another essay in the *Thin Man* vein, with Melvyn Douglas as the private detective, Virginia Bruce as his dumb blonde wife, and Margaret Lindsay, beautiful and soignée, as a menace few men would shirk meeting. And perhaps it will be enough if I say of *The Three Musketeers* that it is a musical, with Don Ameche as D'Artagnan, Binnie Barnes as Lady de Winter, and the Three Ritz Brothers as the other three Musketeers. I have never seen the Ritz Brothers better; but then, I have never seen them good.

Ray Milland, Isa Miranda in "Hotel Imperial"

Hollywood's new cast does its best with the re-make of a Pola Negri film about dirty work in wartime Eastern Europe, the leads being for Ray Milland, spick and very filmic, and Isa Miranda, Italian star modestly described as the most glamorous woman in the world. At the Plaza; reviewed here

When Harry Faversham *(for that is the hero's name) declares his doubts of soldiering as a career, his friends cut him, his fiancée is cold: John Clements and June Duprez*

Hurt by this treatment, *Harry throws over his scruples, embarks on a life of great daring, appearing frequently in disguise, and saves the lives of all his friends; here in trouble and beards at Omdurman: Clements, Donald Gray, Jack Allen*

"The Four Feathers"

A. E. W. Mason's style of novel supplies just rightly the present film producer's demand, for Mason's books are colourful, patriotic, exciting, with a rich appeal to romantic nature and none to intelligence or ethics. *The Drum*, London Films' picture of a Mason book, proved highly successful, so now the Korda brothers, the Hungarians who hold top places in London Films, have made another famous Mason romance into a film; Alex Korda produced, Zoltan directed, Vincent was scenic director for *The Four Feathers*. R. C. Sherriff wrote the screen play, John Clements plays the soldier with scruples who ends by proving that even a conchie has guts, June Duprez is the girl who thereupon decides she loves him, Ralph Richardson is in the (for him) arid part of a senior officer, C. Aubrey Smith is a crusted General. The technicolour film is full of action in the desert with Kitchener and the Mahdi, at Omdurman and so on, and can be seen at the Odeon in Leicester Square

Harry *(in disguise) saves his blinded company commander: Clements and Ralph Richardson*

British troops, *among them our heroes, gallantly defend an indefensible position by forming an open square somewhere in the Sudan*

Two husbands *went into a hatshop in Le Touquet, bought a couple of spring creations, and stuffed them straightly on their heads—Arthur Smith Bingham and Frank Stanley Clarke. (Most men think most of this year's hats are ridiculous: are they right?)*

Two cabaret stars *met the two millinered husbands, shuddered and laughed, took the hats and showed Le Touquet that there is a right angle for everything—Jane Carr and Marion Davies. These two have had a big success in their double cabaret turn at Ciro's*

Lady O'Neill *is one of Le Touquet's Easter regulars, and so is her companion, Lord Portarlington*

Mrs. Anthony Norman *watched golf well wrapped up before the real Easter weather started. With her is Miss Ruth Coit*

Mrs. Ian Elliott, *in a zip-fastened wind-cheater, stood outside the club-house with the Hon. Mrs. Hiley Bathurst, whose husband is Lord Bledisloe's younger son*

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Tooth *played a lot of golf over the week-end, he as a change from running his Bond Street picture galleries*

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Holmes *went over to Le Touquet when Parliament rose. He is M.P. for Harwich as well as having various big-business interests*

Holiday Week-end at Le Touquet

Two wives *prove that, whatever their husbands' spring hats are like, golf clothes are neater than ever — Mrs. Frank Stanley Clarke in the felt hat, light jacket, dark skirt; Mrs. Arthur Smith Bingham in a bandeau and a soft green suede suit*

Miss Sylvia Muir *played golf in corduroy slacks, jersey, tweed jacket and pearls*

Sir Westrow and Lady Hulse *were yet another married couple at Le Touquet. They live in Hampshire. Lady Hulse was Amber Orr Wilson before her marriage last year to Sir Westrow Hulse as his second wife*

Lady Renwick *was at Le Touquet with her husband, Sir Robert Renwick, but here she's with Jim Lawrence, whose recovery from the tragic Californian air accident is nearly complete*

Sisters-in-law *are the Hon. Mrs. William and the Hon. Mrs. John Bethell, whose husbands are Lord Bethell's younger and elder sons. Le Touquet in spring, Frinton in summer, are regular haunts of the Bethell family*

***The Roubauds** are the centre of plot one. He is an assistant station-master, jealous, sadistic, married to the youthful god-daughter of the railway company's chairman. From her he obtains a confession of her carnal relations with her god-father, forces her to write and make an assignation.* [*Simone Simon and Ledoux*]

***Knowing** that the chairman his enemy will be on such a train, the assistant station-master sets his plans and murders the lecher in his first-class compartment. In the book, the body is found on the line.* [*Berlioz*]

"La Bête Humaine"

A Worthy Film of Zola's Book

This film, which opens the Paris Cinema with a gala for the Feathers Club to-morrow, is like the Emil Zola book from which it is faithfully drawn; a sombre canvas slashed with fire and blood, grim, depressing, enthralling. Producer Jean Rénoir, artist son of artist, has outdone himself in attention to detail; just as Zola travelled time and again on the footplate before writing, so Rénoir, with full collaboration of the French State Railways, has not spared pains for effect. He has set himself no more and no less a task than to translate a masterpiece into a new medium and, aided by an admirable cast of actors and technical staff, has succeeded as well as anyone to date

***Jacques Lantier** is the bête humaine, the centre of plot two; son of Lantier in Zola's "Assommoir," he is a model engine-driver, taciturn, self-sufficient. He is afraid of his overpowering desire to kill the women who attract him, which one day he no longer resists.* [*Jean Gabin*]

***Plots one and two** mix when Séverine Roubaud and Jacques Lantier meet and love each other. The engine-driver vainly struggles to fight the mania that takes him increasingly, at last succumbs and murders his sweetheart*

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The dancers on horseback in this New Zealand line-up were Tamara Tchinarova, Vladimir Ganf, Kyra Abricossova, Maria Sanina, Anna Volkova, Galina Razoumova, Tamara Grigorieva and Dmitri Rostoff

On Tour With the Russian Ballet (II)

By Arnold L. Haskell

I AM writing this in the Great Australian Bight, a sheet of water as notorious as the Bay of Biscay. It is beginning to show something of its prowess, and I am concentrating under difficulties. Also, I made the mistake of proclaiming that I was a good sailor.

I left the Ballet at the end of the nine-weeks' Sydney season to go off for a tour of the Commonwealth as the guest of the National Travel Association. The Ballet went to New Zealand, and, after striking the record heat-wave in Sydney—114°—were unfortunate enough to strike a record bad crossing in the Tasman Sea, bad enough to delay their boat for twenty-four hours. This did not prevent still another record in the results of their two-weeks' season in Auckland, and, indeed, the whole New Zealand tour of six-and-a-half weeks has exceeded expectations. They return to Melbourne for a short season, then to their first Australian friend, Adelaide; and finally to Perth on their way home in May.

ALL through I have been amazed at the depth of interest shown in ballet in general. A book entirely devoted to the Vic-Wells can be seen in every shop window, and at all the lectures I have given, there are such questions as: "Tell us about Margot Fonteyn"; "Describe June Brae"; and, of course, Robert Helpmann, the local boy who made good, is the subject of considerable interest. Even the revival of *The Sleeping Princess*, 12,000 miles away, is discussed and re-discussed. It is a commonplace for Australians to say: "Goodbye, I will see you at Sadler's Wells."

I would attribute this altogether unusual interest in ballet to the fact that Australia is theatre-starved yet theatre-loving, and with a fine theatrical tradition in the past. Recent importations have been revues of the more or less nude variety, and plays in which a star or two, not always of the first magnitude, is supported by a scratch group. Ballet has supplied two wants: theatrical illusion and sound team work. The "stars" of the company have had their share of adulation, but it has been singularly free from hysteria, and the main interest has been in the ballet as a whole. The result has been an improvement in the work all round.

I HAVE just been interrupted by a curious message from the captain, a very keen balletomane. "Mr. Cyril Beaumont is speaking in his cabin; will you join him?" On going up to the bridge, I hear the music of *The Good-Humoured Ladies*, and a familiar voice giving a commentary. Ballet in the Bight!

BEFORE leaving Adelaide, I had one of the most interesting experiences of my ballet life, a private viewing in the museum of a series of aboriginal dances, and ceremonial, brought back by an expedition into the interior, together with a recording of the chanting. These dances are without exception the most primitive that can be seen; compared with them, Zulu dancing is the height of sophistication. The costumes consist of eagle's down stuck on to the naked body, with blood obtained by severing a vein, creating a terrifying skeleton-like pattern in black and white.

Many of the dances are legends of some old hero, and the imitations of animals are finely studied. The hands of the aboriginals in particular are beautifully tapering and expressive. The actual dances have none of the rhythm associated with natives in general, but are more in the nature of dance-dramas.

I hope that the ballet, and Lichine in particular, will have an opportunity of seeing these dances. The Australian trip has developed him enormously from a creative point of view, since his accident has given him the time to study music, literature and painting. Only during the last week in Sydney did he begin to dance again, in *Choreartium*. He made a tremendous impression, though he was forced to spare his leg. Although I have seen him give brilliant performances in the past, I was struck by the effect he could produce under the circumstances—nearer than he has ever been to the Massine type of artistry.

Decidedly I must stop. I don't like ships that dance.

***Irina Baronova** (right) was hostess of this party on the roof of her flat in Sydney. Larry Adler, king of mouth-organ players, and his attractive wife, are on the left, and behind are Anton Dolin and Antal Dorati, the musical director of the ballet company*

"Bystander" Short Story

Why Whitmarsh?

By Milward Kennedy

Illustration by Donia Nachshen

"You may wonder, Mr. Whitmarsh, why I sent for you," said Lady Polegrin.

"Why, no," said Jimmie Whitmarsh. "It 's true your telegram gave no details, but on my way down I bought an evening paper——"

"Oh, that," Lady Polegrin interrupted. "Naturally, it 's the loss of my bracelet. Of course, it 's insured, but for me it 's sentimental value—my dear late husband. A Rajah or a Maharajah or someone like that gave it to him, as a token—my husband was what they call a Great Proconsul, you know."

"Just so," said Jimmie. "And I observe that the Press are fully informed. £12,200 they said it 's worth."

"They pestered me for information," she admitted. "But I don't really know what they 've put in the papers. But what was it I was saying? Ah, yes: you must have wondered why I sent for *you*."

Jimmie certainly did wonder. The Whitmarsh Agency had for a long time been anything but flourishing. Its staff had been so reduced that Jimmie himself had had to break his rule (he knew his limitations) and appear in the witness-box in a venomously-contested divorce case. And he had rather assumed that his cross-examination by Sir Henry Firkin and the subsequent comments of the judge meant the final end of the agency; and then instead had come Lady Polegrin's telegram, with its plain hint that he could ask whatever fee he liked.

However, he clearly could not admit that it had been a surprise. He did his best to look like a man who knew that he ought to look modest.

"They 've all been laughing at me," his employer went on, oblivious of his looks and feelings. "They all said 'Why Whitmarsh?' and when I said that I 'd heard the name somewhere they laughed more than ever. Apparently I ought to have known that you 'd been very much to the fore in a big case. I must get the papers—I do hope Robbins hasn't thrown them away—and read it all up. I 've never employed a detective before."

Jimmie Whitmarsh instantly resolved to see to it that the papers *were* destroyed.

"So you must forgive me," Lady Polegrin babbled on. "I—now what 's the first thing you want to do? I suppose you 've got your microscopes and things——"

Jimmie, whose experience had mostly been of divorce cases, had little more idea of his proper procedure than had Lady Polegrin. He hazarded the suggestion that he should first be told what had happened.

"Why, it 's perfectly simple," Lady Polegrin told him. "Some time last night—or early this morning, I expect—someone broke in through the pantry and crept upstairs into my room—just imagine it!—and stole my bracelet. The police think the men must have been disturbed——"

"You heard nothing?"

"Oh, no. As a matter of fact, I 'm a heavy sleeper——"

"And nothing else was taken?"

"No. There isn't much to take——"

"And where was your bracelet?"

"I 'm afraid it was shockingly careless of me—but who would have thought of it? It was on my dressing-table."

There was a short silence.

"H'm," said Jimmie. "And the police are satisfied that that is what happened?"

She nodded.

"Any idea what disturbed the—h'm—intruder?"

Lady Polegrin hesitated, pink-cheeked.

"Well, I wondered," she said. "My dear husband used to say that I snored."

"Anyway," said Jimmie hurriedly—for a private detective who embarrasses his client is a fool—"the main thing is that the house was broken into. Not an inside job."

"It *couldn't* be anyone in the house," said Lady Polegrin indignantly.

Once again Jimmie was tactfully silent. He must try to get the police to talk, he decided; and he wondered how.

"Anyhow, I don't want to know who stole the bracelet," Lady Polegrin went on. "At least, not particularly. I want you to recover it."

"But the police, and the insurance company, have far better facilities——" Jimmie blurted out, hating his diffidence and honesty.

"Not at all!" said Lady Polegrin sharply. "The police *never* recover things—except motor-cars. Only a year ago I lost a valuable dressing-case. And the insurance—well, when they 've paid the money, it would be awkward——"

She looked at Jimmie and Jimmie looked at her.

"Quite so," he said softly. He took a deep breath: he felt now he knew where he stood. "I quite agree."

Lady Polegrin smiled.

"Don't make any mistake," she said. "I 'd like best of all to get back the bracelet quickly; and failing that, I want the insurance people to realise that I do want it back. After all, everyone wouldn't employ a famous private detective."

"There 's that," said Jimmie. "H'm. And can you describe the bracelet?"

Lady Polegrin said that the insurance company could do that. They valued when she insured it two years ago.

"Two years ago?" Jimmie was surprised.

"Yes. Someone asked me about it, and, d'you know, I found it wasn't insured. And I 'd worn it for three years—ever since my dear husband died."

Jimmie armed himself with written credentials and proceeded to interview the police. As he expected, they had a description of the bracelet. They were quite friendly and told him that on the face of it there was no reason to doubt that someone had broken in by the pantry window. They as good as told Jimmie that his client was so hopelessly careless and addle-pated that she deserved what she had got. They hinted, in fact, that only a fool would take on his job; he felt that they knew all about him.

And that reminded him; he sought out Robbins, the butler. The man when he opened the door had greeted the great sleuth with an air of supercilious amusement; now he should be put in his place.

But Robbins continued to be amused; cross-examination about pantry windows and Lady Polegrin's fame as a heavy sleeper caused him no embarrassment at all. Finally, Jimmie demanded to see all the newspapers for the past ten days—that, he reflected, would cover his divorce débâcle without drawing attention to it. Robbins smiled again, and shortly returned with a considerable bundle, having assumed that illustrated weeklies and even parish magazines, and not merely dailies, were wanted.

Jimmie sorted out the newspapers—and found that the issue of the *Record* which had given special prominence to his performance in the box was missing. Reluctantly he summoned Robbins again to the gloomy, little-used "study" that had been allotted to him,

(*Concluded on page* viii)

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"But couldn't I act as ground-bait, as it were, Sir?"

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

Play of the Year

THE most debated play of the year is *Family Portrait*, which London may not be able to see. I hope you will see it, and with Judith Anderson as Mary, and Margaret Webster as the Magdalene. It is a play about the family of Jesus: how puzzled they were, and sometimes uplifted, sometimes infuriated, by their connection with divinity.

Remember *Ben Hur*? The white light that indicated the presence of the Healer; the chariot race and the storm at sea? When I was a child everybody had to see *Ben Hur*, and when we are all grandparents there 'll likely be a company touring the provinces, playing *Family Portrait*. And if it does not make a fortune for Lenore Coffee and William Joyce Cowen, who wrote it, then Shelley's poem was most inaccurate and spring cannot be expected to come tripping after winter, not far behind.

Family Portrait is simple and dramatic, written in the everyday speech a carpenter's family would be likely to use. The settings, by Harry Horner, are excellent: outside the little house in Nazareth, the street and the well in Jerusalem, and, above all, that upper room where the disciples have only a few moments before risen from the table. Here Mary comes, seeking her Son; her encounter with Mary Magdalene, who tries to hide her own alarm, makes the high point of the evening, with the soldiers' trumpets calling and finally the shouting of the fickle mob outside. Margaret Webster, who staged the play—she had something to do with *Henry IV.* and *Hamlet*, too, you remember—acts the Magdalene with a quiet and luminous dignity. But of Judith Anderson as Mary it is necessary to speak softly: she seems not acting but being the mother, so human, worried, and gay she is, and dimly, heart-breakingly aware of something extraordinary in her Son. And when, in the last scene, she tries to explain what Jesus tried to teach, to a man who had never heard of Him, I defy you to listen without seeing, back of her, the ominous shadow of modern leaders who have no faith in the brotherhood of man.

The Writers' Parade

THE League of American Writers sent me a card, inviting me to march in the "Stop Hitler Parade," which took place Saturday with more than 20,000 marching and half-a-million sympathisers lining the route. Mayor La Guardia spoke at Columbus Circle, extending for the people of New York "their heartfelt sympathy and understanding to the unhappy people of Czechoslovakia." There were hundreds of children in folk costumes and banners flying and bands playing, labour unions and liberal groups trudging up the avenues.

Heard in Grand Central Station: two men, standing by the information desk, with suitcases beside them, one of them saying earnestly to the other, "No, I mean the leg show." At the news-stand: "Hitler's a screwball" (cheers). One news-seller to another: "Did you see the flower show?"

We got up on Sunday morning—assisted by the alarm clock—at a quarter of five to hear Mussolini speak in Rome, singing a hymn to force. And thought again of Mary, saying that Jesus believed in love, not hate, and Laban saying: "It would be interesting if someone tried out his views sometime."

Departures

J. P. MORGAN'S sweet peas won a prize at the flower show; then he sailed on the Queen Mary, using this as a sort of tender to his yacht Corsair, which is awaiting him in Monte Carlo. Noel Coward left also on the pride of the Cunard White Star Line. He had stopped off in town for a few hours, on his way from Samoa to England, to see Lady Peel and leave a few new songs for *Set to Music*.

Max Schmeling left a little while ago, after some weeks around town. He was seen at various night spots, even listening to some refugee songs, and people felt sorry for him, because he didn't secure a bout with Joe Louis or even Tony Galento. Now it comes out that he was not here as a fighter. He came to get the German rights to *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*. He got them. Walt Disney's screen comedy should bring him more money than fighting Louis; and it won't hurt, either. Another film is going eastward. *Champs Elysées* has ended a successful run and should be seen in London shortly. Sacha Guitry presents three centuries of romantic escapades along the Champs Elysées, with Guitry as the Schoolmaster, Louis XV., Napoleon III., etc. The girls are pretty, costumes charming, settings pleasant, amusing pageantry, not at all important.

The Duchess of Marlborough was also one of our departing visitors, sailing on the Queen Mary after a farewell dance at the Stork Club the night before.

They're Off!

THE spring air brings the horses north, as well as the birds. While the horses were still running in Florida, South Carolina began its traditional festivities in honour of King Horse with the twenty-third annual horse show, held at Aiken, and the twenty-ninth at Camden. At least twenty-five states were represented at the tenth annual running of the Carolina Cup Steeplechase on the Springdale course on April 1. Many of the country's leading amateur jockeys were seen in action at this event. Luncheons, balls and dinner parties round out the Carolina festivities.

Coming further north, to Maryland, the opening of the Eastern racing season finds close to 1500 horses quartered at Bowie. A crowd of 12,000, including many New Yorkers, is expected to welcome the thoroughbreds back after an absence of four months. Bowie is situated in a desolate region of pines and wasteland. In spite of the fact that the track is devoid of conveniences, something about Bowie draws the racing fans year after year, so that it is, perhaps, the most successfully operated of the four major courses in Maryland. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's sprinter, Airflame, is an early favourite, while Felix Spatola's Wise Prince, which raced well at Miami this past winter, appears to be Airflame's principal rival. Like Airflame, Mrs. A. J. Abel's Honey Cloud spent the winter on the West coast and raced well there.

America's Best-dressed Women

THE Fashion Academy, representing a national membership of dress designers, held a luncheon recently at the Waldorf Astoria to announce the results of its poll on 1939's best-dressed women. The winners were: Society—Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt; Screen—Bette Davis (Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences award); Radio—Joan Blaine; Supper Clubs—Cobina Wright, Jr.; Stage—Benay Venuta; Dance—Yolanda, of the Veloz and Yolanda team; Adventure—Osa Johnson, selected for using "scientific knowledge of jungle attire in practical everyday fashion"; Debutante—Fernanda Wanamaker Munn; Business—Mrs. Adam Gimbel, Saks Fifth Avenue executive; Sports—Alice Marble, tennis champion; Opera—Rose Bampton; All-America—Kitty Carlisle, of the screen and stage. Honourable mentions went to Mrs. Eve Lehman, of the social set; Loretta Young, of the screen, and Mary Eastman, of the radio. All-America Kitty Carlisle wore a pale green coat with tiny flowers tucked into two cartridge pockets set high in front, draped silk jersey blouse and a skirt of the same hue, a soup-plate hat worn well over the brow and decorated with pink flowers—the costume she will wear in the Easter Parade.

Fashion Academy Awards: Four of Twelve

Roosevelts at a Hollywood Premiere

Two members of the first family in the U.S. attended the premiere of "Wuthering Heights" at Warner Bros. Hollywood Cinema—Mrs. Franklin D. and her son James. They arrived with Merle Oberon, the British actress who plays Cathy in the 90 per cent. British film

The Fashion Academy awards are discussed by our New York correspondent on this page. On the left little Emil Elvin Hartman, director of the Academy, poses with four prizewinners: Kitty Carlisle, best-drest all-American (apple-green wool, pink flowers in hat), Joan Blaine, radio (black chiffon and taffeta), Cobina Wright, Jr., supper clubs (grey tailored, black jumper), and Rose Bampton, opera (grey light-weight wool)

Married

This young couple chattering together are Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Firestone, he a member of the famous rubber family. The Fair will keep him in New York City for six weeks from the May opening. The family centre is Akron, Ohio

Starrish

Dorothy Lamour and Mischa Auer stopped off their dance round to give the camera a chance. She has just begun work on a new picture called "Disputed Passage," with a medico-scientific theme: in it she is an American girl with a Chinese upbringing

Make-Up

Fredric March was getting himself made up for his part in "The American Way." He and Florence Eldridge head this "Cavalcade" of small-town life which is filling the stage and all the seats of the Center Theatre

Around New York

Bea Lillie — Stripes Down

Mrs. Harold Ross (right) is the attractive wife of the "New Yorker's" editor. In a grand white evening dress she sits informally in a corner, foot tucked up on the seat

Beatrice Lillie wears black-and-white stripes downwards, with a red leather belt round her waist. Noel Coward gave her some new songs in "Set to Music" before he left for England

Binnie Barnes wears blue-and-white stripes across, and under it rustles a pleated silk petticoat when she gets up to dance. She was on a brief holiday from Hollywood

Editor's Wife

Binnie Barnes — Stripes Across

Horses—Polo and Hunting

English Audience for Californian Polo

John Lakin, Lady Anne Bridgeman, and two of her sisters-in-law-to-be, the Hon. Daphne Pearson and the Hon. Mrs. Murray, were watching a practice game at Del Monte. The British equipage for the Westchester Cup under Lord Cowdray's captaincy played their last practice match in California on Easter Sunday before moving east to Long Island

Hurlingham No. 1

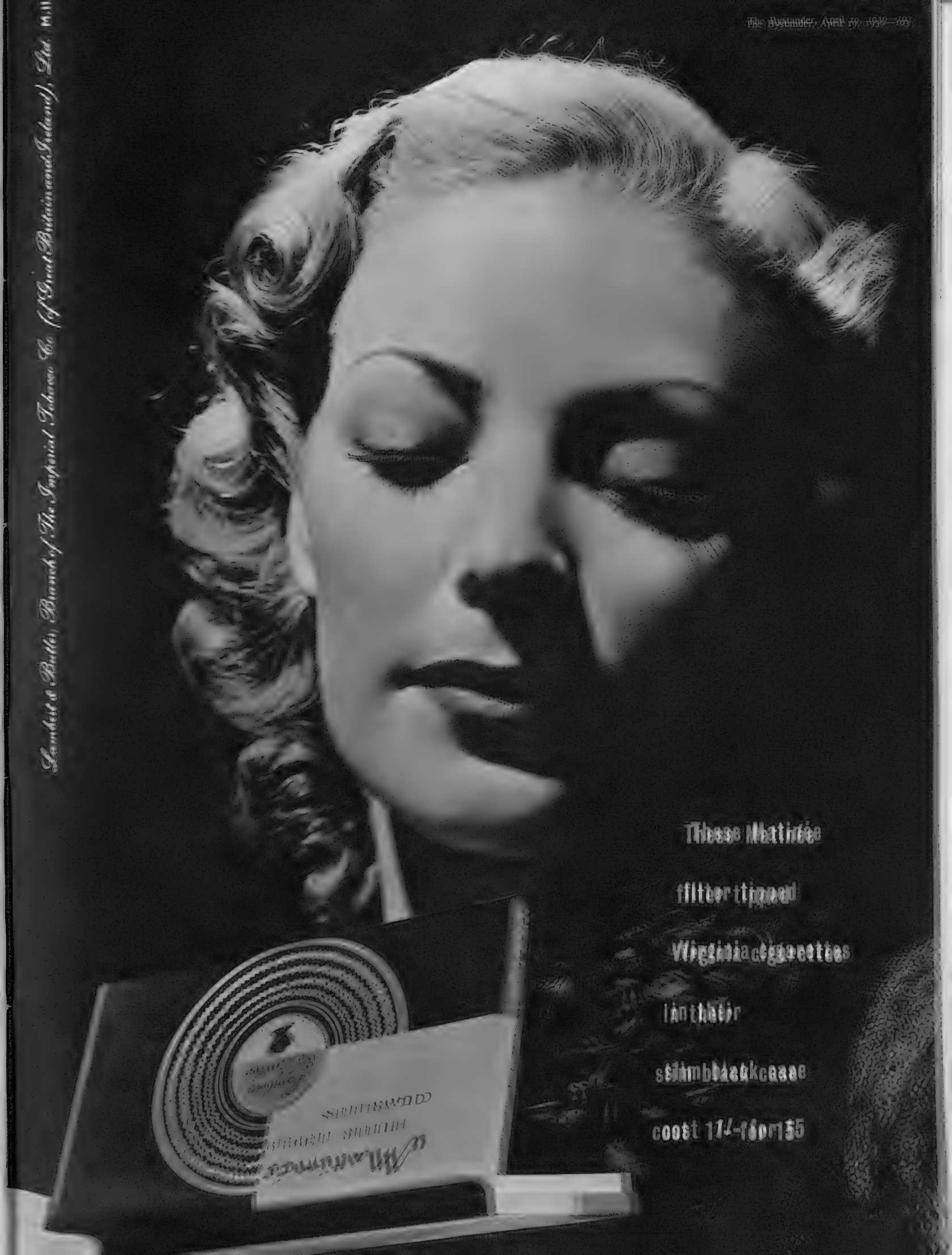
H. Hesketh Hughes, here walking round with his wife, played a fine game as No. 1 for Hurlingham in the Golden Gate Cup and scored five of the British team's eleven goals which beat Western All-Stars' 10 goals

Engaged Couple with the Beaufort

Hugh Brassey and Joyce Kingscote were out with the Beaufort for their Easter Saturday meet at Alderley. They announced their engagement a month or two back. He is in the Greys, and is the son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Edgar Brassey, of Dauntsey Park, Wilts. She is the daughter of Captain Maurice Kingscote and Mrs. V. O. Kingscote. Her mother also lives in Wiltshire

The Countess of Londesborough

Also out with the Beaufort from Alderley was Lady Londesborough, whose home is Blankney, near Lincoln. She is the widow of the fourth and last Earl, who died in 1937. A kinsman of her husband's succeeded to the Londesborough barony



Lambert & Butler Brands of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

Horses—
Hunting and Steeplechasing

Miss D. Blunt on Gin and It won the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race at the Fernie point-to-point meeting at Lubenham, near Market Harborough. Riding side-saddle in breeches, she came over the last fence to finish five lengths ahead. Of the six starters one at least came to grief—Miss V. Holroyd on her Hidden Hero. The St. John Ambulance men, watching at the last fence as the winner came over, were on the spot to attend to her after her fall

She Won the Race

She Took a Toss

She Won a Cup

Miss Noel Winterbottom took the Hartington Challenge Cup from Lady Maud Baillie after winning the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race at the High Peak Harriers' point-to-point at Flagg Moor. Lady Maud Baillie is joint-Master of the High Peak—has been Master or joint-Master since 1922

James Innes won the Tote double at the Towcester Easter jump-meeting and got £250 back for his stake. With him is Miss Irene Mann Thompson

He Won the Tote Double

He Took His Sons on Ponies

Lord Apsley took his two sons on their ponies out with the Beaufort on Easter Saturday. They are Henry and George Bathurst, aged twelve and ten. Their country home is Petty France, Badminton

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Stockdale took their small daughter, Anne Louisa, in her pram to watch the Easter Monday racing at Towcester. She was born last year, and her parents were married in 1937. Mrs. Stockdale is Lord Hesketh's elder daughter

Their Daughter Went in a Pram

It is a British tradition
to offer your guests
Schweppes
BY APPOINTMENT
Schweppes
INDIAN QUININE
SCHWEPPES
INDIAN TONIC

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Foursome Play

THE golf season usually starts and ends with several foursome tournaments. The Sunningdale foursome tournament, in which all golfers are eligible to play in any partnerships they may fancy, is held at the beginning of the season, and during it we can usually see whether certain golfers have improved their play or not during the winter months. The Worplesdon open scratch mixed foursomes are played in October, and, as a rule, this is the last golf meeting of importance of the year.

Already this year the Addington foursomes, in which an unpaid golfer plays with a paid golfer as his partner, and the Sunningdale foursomes have taken place.

It is always interesting to see who do well and also who do badly in these two tournaments. We nearly always find that certain golfers play well in foursome tournaments and that certain other players, even when they have extremely efficient partners, play very much below the form which they display in a medal round or in a single. On the other hand, there is no doubt whatsoever that certain golfers play many more really good shots in a foursome than they do in a single. Why it is that certain golfers play very much below their normal form in a foursome, while others play so much better, is rather difficult to understand. It is very easy for any golfer to play his normal game in a four-ball match, when so many shots are attempted whose goodness or badness does not matter a straw, and are, I regret to say, on many occasions quite unnecessary.

THE reason why one well-known golfer seldom plays well in a foursome is, I am sure, because she is so anxious not to let her partner down, or put him, or her, into trouble. When this lady plays her own ball she does not mind in the least if she occasionally goes into a bunker or thick heather, as she is quite confident that she herself can hack the ball out and lose, at the maximum, only one shot. Consequently, we find that with the anxiety removed, she very seldom does visit troublesome places, and even when she does she often gets out of them without the loss of even one shot.

Other reasons why certain players are bad foursome partners are because they think that they are better golfers than they actually are, and because they think that their partners are worse golfers than they actually are. The consequence in these cases is that the men with too good a conceit of themselves try to do too much under the impression—which is very often false—that they must make the tasks of their partners as easy as they possibly can. The result is usually quite the opposite to the one desired.

THE selfish golfer is seldom a good foursome partner, because he has little idea of team spirit, and does much better, and also tries very much harder, when he is playing for himself than when he is playing for his side.

It is extremely difficult for a foursome partnership to get satisfactory results and to play to the best of their ability unless they understand each other and also each other's capability on the golf course, and unless they both are determined to play for their side and not to consider themselves personally at all.

The foursome is the only form of the game of golf which calls for team spirit and sympathy between the players on a side. A friend of mine tries to argue that there is team spirit in a four-ball match, but I must say that his arguments in favour of his contention are somewhat feeble. One is that he likes his partner to putt first, so that he can get some idea of the pace of the green. It has never, apparently, crossed his mind that occasionally he might putt first and give his partner an idea of the pace of the green. It is difficult to think of a more selfish outlook. It is hardly necessary to mention that this particular man is a most unsatisfactory foursome partner.

ONE of the most interesting features of the Worplesdon foursomes is that the players are continually faced with shots which they never get when they are playing their own ball. It is true that the modern lady golfer hits the ball a most unladylike blow and, consequently, gets some very long balls, but even Lady Heathcoat-Amory does not hit the ball as far as the first-class man golfer.

At Worplesdon I am sure that the reason why the men so often get the women into trouble is because they try to make things easy for them, and do not allow them to do their fair share of the work. Some men, in attempting to make the lot of their partners easy, press off the tee, hoping to give them a short second shot; the result of this is usually that many tee shots go astray. Others are so keen to keep their partners on the fairway that they restrict their swings and attempt to poke the ball down the fairway, with poor results, when, if they played their normal tee shots with a full swing, and hitting the ball hard, they would be very much more likely to hit straight.

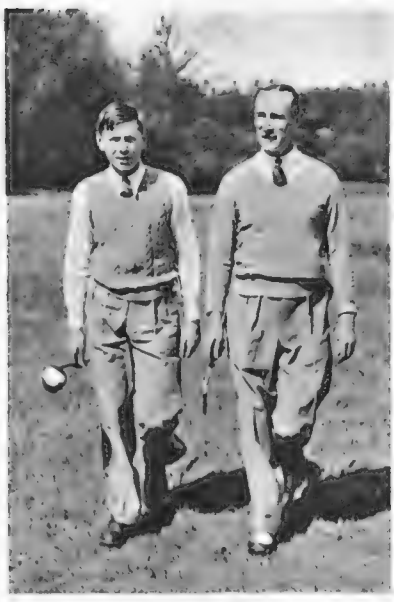
If the men would only be content to play their normal game and allow their partners to do their share, many combinations at Worplesdon would, I am convinced, do very much better than they do at present. The same applies when a scratch golfer plays with a long-handicap player in a foursome.

WHEN this article appears in print the Halford Hewitt meeting will have been completed at Deal, and I shall be very surprised if the winners are not a team in the true sense of the word, and if the members of the winning team do not have a very intimate knowledge of each other, both on the golf course and off it. It is nearly always the best team, and not the best golfers, which wins foursome tournaments. It is difficult to believe that a collection of good players can make a very vulnerable team, but it is so, not only at the game of golf, but also at the games of cricket and of football.

A CORRECTION.

In our issue of April 12th, on page 39, we published a picture of Mrs. Godfrey Locker Lampson, whom, owing to incorrect information supplied by a photographer, we wrongly described as Mrs. Oliver Locker Lampson. Mrs. Godfrey Locker Lampson is the wife of the Rt. Hon. Godfrey Locker Lampson, P.C.; his younger brother is Comdr. Oliver Locker Lampson, M.P. We much regret this mistake.

The Fathers and Sons Tournament: Three Days of Family Golf at West Hill



***Andersons:** D. B. Anderson and his eighteen-year-old son Robin won the tournament, beating the Thorburns in the final by 4 and 3*

***Thorburns:** Maj. Keith Thorburn and D. Keith Thorburn, of Sunningdale, were runners-up at West Hill, reaching the final by a victory over the Duncans*

***Scotts:** the Hon. Osmund Scott partnered his golf Blue son, Kenneth Scott, at West Hill; they reached the semi-final, to lose to the Andersons by 4 and 3*

***Duncans:** the Army champion, Anthony Duncan, and his father, J. Duncan (Southerndown), were beaten to the final by the Thorburns by 7 and 5*

This England . . .

Derwentwater, from Castle Head

OF all the Englands that make this England that of "the Lakes" differs perhaps most of all, and many would hold sweet Derwentwater—studded with tiny isles that fascinate the boy in each of us—to be the loveliest. Yet this is still England ; bank and tree, field and farm, the common things of life proclaim it. And so it is, climber or walker or simple beauty-seeking tourist, that here too—your lungs filled with air, your coat sodden upon your back (for it can rain in these parts)—you will find another good thing common to English life . . . Your Worthington, rich-brewed to soothe fatigue and keep your heart a-lift when dusk shall steal the strange new beauties from your eyes.

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Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Parliamentary and Otherwise

SHOULD the letter from the Ladies' Golf Union which appeared recently in *Fairway and Hazard* be treated with silent contempt, or wrath at an attitude so . . . ? Perhaps silence is best; my feelings on the L.G.U. and the amateur question are too well known for repetition.

At all events, thank goodness BYSTANDER Foursomes know no shackles: it is grand news that the holders—Miss Wanda Morgan and Miss Jessie Anderson—are defending their Spring One-Day Foursomes title; and that Miss Enid Wilson and Miss Elsie Corlett are joining forces in an attempt to nip those cups away from them. Nothing could be more welcome. Funny things happen, though, even in scratch foursomes, so let nobody take fright. No couple can take more than one pair of prizes; there are handicap ones as well, and the entry of the great ones only acts as a bait for the smaller. Tuesday, May 2nd, is the date, the entry form is on the second cover, and for those in search of more fields to conquer that week, Wentworth's own scratch match-play foursomes follow on there immediately after the BYSTANDER event.

NOT much usually happens in the golfing world in the last few days before Easter, but there was some quite interesting golf this year, in rather mixed weather. Miss Maureen Ruttle's heading of scratch and handicap lists at Brockenhurst open meeting, with 79—4=75, suggests that we have not heard the last by a long way of that young lady; and I rather fancy one might put it that way too about Mrs. C. N. Style, though it was only a second Parliamentary team that she led at West Hill against the United Services.

Mrs. Style has not been very long at the game; she has only lately come down to eight, but she hits the ball in the sort of way that suggests she is not going to rest content with sticking there. She had none too good a beginning; West Hill, to the stranger, lurks in a maze composed of birch-trees, the Southern Railway, Woking, Worplesdon; and Mrs. Style, like many another before her, was still whirling round the maze while Mrs. Weston sat over the fire in the clubhouse waiting for her. When they did start, it was Mrs. Weston who leapt into her stride first, and was up all the way to the turn, where she held a lead of two. Then Mrs. Style bombarded her with 3's and 4's, and ended the match with a perfectly played specimen of each at the fifteenth and sixteenth, winning by 4 and 2.

Miss Brenda Smithers was the only other Parliamentary winner; Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Ayscough, Mrs. Truscott and Miss Payne getting home for the Services; but Parliamentary can comfort themselves with having a promising new member who ought to progress far beyond their second team. She headed the first division at Stoke Poges' spring meeting the next day, to confirm that impression.

The Ranelagh Open Meeting

Mrs. A. H. Gilligan, with Miss Kathleen Garnham (left), won the scratch prize at the Ranelagh Open meeting with 68: in the foursomes she and Miss Garnham came third with four down

WHILST that was going on, the Veteran ladies were dealing firmly with the Senior men at Ranelagh, 10½ to 5½ in the morning, when the men gave six strokes; less successfully, 3½ to 5½, after lunch, when the men gave only four. Miss Chambers was too tough a proposition for Mr. Sidney Cole in the singles, but in spite of some stout help from Mrs. Hugh Smith in the foursomes was beaten on the last green by him and Mr. Guy Hemsley. In that foursome, Mrs. Smith missed having a one at the sixteenth by no more than an inch. The next day, in the open meeting organised for Ranelagh by *Fairway and Hazard*, Miss Gourlay was equally close to a one at the sixth.

THAT was an excellent meeting, and, considering the absence of run and the presence of long grass on the fairways, 68 was more than passing good as a winning score for the scratch prize. Mrs. A. H. Gilligan returned this—35 out and 33 home—and if anybody thought the greens difficult, she confounded them all by putting really beautifully. Mrs. Gilligan's best shot, when she was runner-up last month in the London Foursomes, was wood through the green; Ranelagh makes no demands for that stroke, but, instead, Mrs. Gilligan put them close to the pin with irons of all denominations; and her putting, as aforesaid, was splendid.

Miss Gourlay's golf was first class, except on the green, and she was second with 70. Miss Pam Barton went well enough until the last hole, when disaster overtook her, so that third place went to Miss Doxford, who took the first handicap, since Mrs. Gilligan was ineligible for another prize.

There was truly marvellous scoring in the second division, which ran from 13 upwards. Watching young Jeanne Bisgood, home from school just in time to play with Miss Barton, it seemed as if her 78—15=63 must be good enough; but Mrs. McCarthy, from Stoke Poges, handed in 80—20=60, more surprising still. Mrs. S. V. Hicks and Miss Collyer consoled themselves with last nine-hole prizes; and Miss Gourlay and Miss Heather Palmes won the foursomes with 2 down.

Rumours at Ranelagh were as many as the weird birds on the ponds. Such unlikely things happen there—did I not hold long converse with a real live hedgehog waddling about not far from the fifteenth green?—that I should not like to refuse belief in any of them. It would be such good news if some of them were true.

Miss Pam Barton spoiled her score at the eighteenth at Ranelagh; she reached it with 66, but took a 7 to finish fourth with 72 net. She is with Miss Bisgood, who returned a 78

Miss Joyce Speight, in angora hood, and Miss Woodward came second in the foursomes to Miss Gourlay and Miss Palmes with a score of 3 down; they are from Wimbledon Park

Mrs. McCarthy returned 80 in the scratch competition and, with a 20 handicap, won the second division handicap prize; she is here going to the sixteenth tee with Mrs. Gordon Petch

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Farmer's Boy

By V. S. Pritchett

THERE are dull writers, but there are no dull subjects—not even the co-operative movement. It was one of the entrancing anomalies of Irish life that Æ ran *The Irish Homestead* and gave to egg-marketing the eloquent sanction of the Irish kings and the Indian mystics. One might have doubted the desirability of the influence of the doctrine of reincarnation, as preached by the theosophists of Rathmines, on the Irish breakfast egg, but doubt was unjustified. The more remote the belief, the more practical and pragmatic the energy it stimulated; the benefits the Irish co-operative movement gave to the Irish peasant may be seen in Mr. Pat Bawn's *Paddy the Cope* (Cape; 10s. 6d.).

But before this piece of economic uplift throws a gloom on the reader's mind, especially on English readers satiated with the success stories of other people, let me say at once that *Paddy the Cope* is one of the freshest, liveliest, warmest and most entrancing autobiographies imaginable. It is in the class of *Twenty Years a-Growing*, the loveliest of all Irish autobiographies. Paddy Pat Bawn, or Paddy the Cope, as they called him in Donegal, is more than a kailyard character; he is a gorgeous, unaffected, pre-industrial human being who, though not conventionally lettered, manages to get himself down on paper, and to talk straight out of the page until you are with him in everything he does.

The child of poor Donegal peasants, he grew up to be the shy, uncouth boy who used to stand barefoot at the Irish hiring fairs waiting to run doggedly home behind the trotting horse of his new master. Later he went on the old cattle-boats to Glasgow, and tramped the Scottish roads till he found a job. These boys, with their Oliver Twist appetites, were shrewd, if helpless, judges of the temperaments of farmers. There was one lodging-house keeper who kept control of the butter allowance by putting a hair from his head across it; he used also to catch a fly and put it under the lid of the sugar-bowl. If the fly was not there later, he knew someone had been at the sugar.

In due time Paddy Pat Bawn married and returned to Donegal, and it was when he was in his twenties he began to put into practice what he had seen of co-operative ideas in Scotland. A man with an affecting beard (A. E.) had come down to Donegal to pour out beautiful words on the subject, while the peasants listened suspiciously; but soon Paddy got them started, and then the row began. The result was boycotts by the shops, bribery of the police, campaigns with the gombeen men which were more like guerilla warfare than commercial competition, flights to the mountain side, hints of smuggling—a kind of race-meeting excitement with dirty work mixed in, touched at every point by farce. A man not cut (as Mr. Bawn is) straight and laughing out of Nature, would have made this merely picturesque and arty; under him the book takes on the easy ripeness of a picaresque novel. There is no city knowingness on him at all, none of the townee dread of appearing foolish or admitting a mistake. He takes one vividly, simply, and at once to an intimacy with his affairs and his people, a grace which has vanished entirely from English life.

"Paddy Pat Bawn"

"A man cut straight and laughing out of Nature," "a gorgeous, unaffected, pre-industrial human being" are two verdicts of our reviewer on the Irish author of "Paddy the Cope," a new autobiography published by Cape. The author's real name is Gallagher

WHETHER you judge by the unaffected Paddy the Cope or by the sophisticated, esoteric and over-civilised side of the Irish talent, there is no doubt in my mind that the Irish writers—with certain Americans—are the only living writers who know how to use the English language. They preserve what the English have lost: the resonance, the full-bodied power and rotundity of our tongue. The only stylists we have—and the only satirists of style—are Irish. *At Swim-Two-Birds*, by Flann O'Brien (Longmans; 10s. 6d.), is a clever example of the latter. Heaven knows whether this is a novel, but it is gorgeous foolery, futile like a public speech or a drunken pedant's pothouse syllogism, but equally irresistible. Once more there are the Dublin "snugs," the students' bedrooms; and Mr. O'Brien, disdaining to consider life—"Live? Our servants will do that for us"—has cheerfully cribbed the Dublin of Joyce, O'Casey, James Stephens, some anachronistic Wild-West writer, and the half-heroic, half-ludicrous Gaelic world of the Giant Finn MacCool. A gross, swilling, hairy book, it has this kind of slosh at the Gaelic world:

> With the eyelids to him stitched to the fringe of his eye-bags, he must be run by Finn's people through the bogs and the marsh swamps of Erin with two odorous prickle-backed hogs ham-tied and asleep in the seat of his hempen drawers—for five days he must sit on the brow of a cold hill with twelve-point antlers hidden in his seat, without food or music or chessmen.

The writer of that loves the rollick of words, not events, but their atmosphere, and while he has the tiresomeness of eccentric writers, he has the Irish gift for catching the heroic and unheroic comedy of the body seen athletically rather than sensually. The book has been compared to *Tristram Shandy* and *Ulysses*, with the usual exaggeration of publishers. Among eccentric books it has just that measure of inferiority which the latter has to the former.

THERE are two more Irishmen. Having tried fantasy and realism, the versatile Mr. Francis Stuart has turned, with pedal hard down, to historical romance. *The Great Squire* (Collins; 8s. 6d.) is the regulation story of the wretched orphan who loves the great gentleman. In this case he is a celebrated Irish eccentric who once wagered that an Irish pig (which had to be brought over from Scotland) would beat an English racehorse on the flat. Mr. Stuart is a resourceful story-teller. He is at home among the violent contrasts of romance and this book has the full spirit of the period of the rakes of Mallow.

MR. MAURICE HEALY'S anecdotes of *The Old Munster Circuit* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.) is a hilarious book of legal anecdotes, which have all the raciness of the Irish Bar. The English Bar is not used to the family tricks, effusiveness and rancour which unite Bench and Bar in Ireland. Mr. Justice Darling had a shock one day when he sternly asked an Irish witness: "Tell me what in your country happens to a witness who does not tell the truth?" "Begor, me lord," replied the Irishman, "I think his side usually wins."

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

AN experienced "budgeteer" will be quick to appreciate the versatility of this two-piece from Debenham and Freebody of Wigmore Street. It is the type of outfit that can safely be "guaranteed invaluable." The silk print of the dress is a very cheerful affair, showing white pansies on a black ground massed towards the centre front, where they stray on to a panel of vivid emerald green. The dress is simply cut with becoming front fullness in the skirt and a little ruffled collar. The black wool coat hangs straight from the shoulders and the soft "shawl" revers are faced with the border-print. This outfit answers lots of invitations; good for luncheon-parties; impressive on committees; it could take you to a wedding or to celebrations like the "Fourth" with equal success; and for less exacting engagements you will find it just as suitable and sympathetic. There are many other frocks in the model gown department, each designed to "play up" to the current mood. Ask to see the navy and black ones with white lingerie trimmings—they are exceptionally fresh and dainty. Another "recommendation to view" goes to a black coat with quilting down the back; underneath it a charming black and white print frock trimmed with little bows. To do justice to such a collection in a few lines is obviously an impossibility; but those dresses mentioned should certainly not be missed

The Colour Game— —in Cashmere

Scott Bushe

ON the sunny side of the hotel, where guests congregate for that first after-breakfast cigarette, you will find a miniature Braemar Gathering. Fishing-men thump the long-suffering barometer in the porch and glower at the sunshine; golfers bring balls and pegs from unsuspected pockets and play with them idly, while chauffeurs stow clubs into cars. The shadows are black on the whitewashed wall and the lovely soft shades of Braemar cashmeres give warmth and vitality to the scene

THE new spring colours are absolutely delightful; there are twin sets in many designs, but the greatest fun is to choose contrasting cardigans and jumpers. It is an excellent idea to start with one of the Braemar tweed skirts, dyed specially to match the jumper colours. You might, for instance, have a misty green skirt and cardigan; and your jumper would be something startlingly different—fuchsia, oxblood, pale yellow. Try hyacinth blue and clove together; or clove and cyclamen. Top your grey flannel skirt with a jumper of French mustard colour; or a cardigan in French mustard over a black jumper. Try oxblood and ice blue together; look at the royal purple; remember how flattering cruising blue will be with a tanned skin. You can find endless amusement with the colour samples. The big picture on this page shows a classic cashmere twin set. The cardigan has the new "high" fastening and both garments can be bought in just the colour you want. The striped jersey (see its puffed sleeve-tops?) makes a set with the sleeveless waistcoat, but either can be paired with others from your Braemar wardrobe. These jumpers can be bought in many shops, but a card to Innes, Henderson, of Hawick, will bring you the name of your nearest agent

the bystander turns in search of powder

DISCOVERED BY PETA PICTURED BY PAM

Trace your destiny with the help of this bracelet and necklace from Jays of Regent Street. Each pendant is a hand and the various fate-lines—chance, vie, amour—are drawn in. Ideal for stimulating conversation at "difficult" parties

"Beads? Are they? Or are they petit—no, they are beads"—is the kind of astonished comment one hears in the bag department of Jays. These are two of the new, finely beaded evening bags. The one sketched at left has a beaded frame, too

Men have a whole range of Yardley toilet preparations to themselves; among them brilliantine, coloured invisible talcum powder and this Toilet Lotion, for use on hands or handkerchief. It has a clean, refreshing smell, reminding one vaguely of such things as heather, peat-streams, saddle soap and their many pleasant associations

Many women fight shy of cream rouge because they find it difficult to apply. So Tourneur (the salon is in Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street) have produced a Pearl Blending Base, which, blended with the cream rouge, makes its texture more manipulative and its colour more pastel. Tourneur, of course, blend rouge specially for you, and the addition of the Blending Base makes it as easy to apply as vanishing cream. Another new idea is powder rouge (as left); blended from six basic colours to your individual shade, and sold to you in a miniature sifter flapjack in the familiar Tourneur colourings—peach and apple green

Gardener's Chronicle

Planting in Grass

By R. C. Jenkinson

Bulbs

IT is at this time of year that our minds turn most readily to this aspect of gardening, when daffodils and other bulbs are flowering amongst rough grass in orchard and wild garden. I would, however, suggest a broader treatment of meadow planting. Those of us who have seen the Swiss Alpine meadows in flower will realise that they are composed of far more than mere grass: it is the wealth of flowering plants that make the meadow, just as willow-herb and meadow-sweet, to name only two, do in England. Why, therefore, should we not treat the wilder parts of the garden similarly, combing out the coarser grasses and replacing them with flowering plants of suitable constitution? For the earlier part of the year, bulbs will be the mainstay: snowdrop, crocus, muscari and narcissus, early and late, followed by wild hyacinths—better, but improperly, known as bluebells—tulips and Solomon's seal. These must be planted liberally, in groups of two or three varieties, to keep up a succession of bloom. When using narcissus, it is a mistake to mix the different kinds: let each one—Emperor, Barrii conspicuus or poeticus, to name three old favourites—have its own area, with such associates as you may choose. Then there must be leucojums (or snowflakes), wood anemones, erythroniums, cyclamens, colchicums (or meadow saffron) for the autumn; camassia, with foot-high spikes of blue or white flowers, and Martagon lilies. One must not expect from these naturally-grown plants fine specimens fit for the show-bench, for there should be no fattening or cultivating of the ground.

Perennials and Shrubs

NOW these bulbs can be arranged in combinations to your taste, in conjunction with many other things, to flower later in the year, or give autumn colour. Forget-me-not and foxglove, cowslip and primrose should be everywhere. Pulmonaria, the lovely blue lungwort with rough mottled foliage; funkias, day lilies—properly called hemerocallis—montbretia, and common white marguerite daisies, will all go to adorn our wild meadow grasses. Though they will not be so large as in a well-fed border, I would also have wide groups of the stronger-growing herbaceous plants, such as golden-rod, Michaelmas daisy, pæony, phlox, and many another. Remember that in nature, before man evolved from the wild species the enlarged, named varieties that now grace our gardens, these plants grew in open competition with their neighbours, not as cherished, isolated specimens; it was a case of "the more the merrier," and only the fittest survived. Let us select an imaginary piece of ground and plant it—a piece of ground sloping gently from a wooded background down to a lake or stream, with a drive, if you like, intersecting it. On the upper slopes leading from the woods, there will be small groups or isolated specimens of flowering trees, such as cherry, malus, photinia villosa, magnolia denudata, and kobus, widely spaced so that we can under-plant them. Coming down the slope, thin groups of azalea, philadelphus, kalmia, hamamelis, hydrangea and aronia will bring us down to the dwarfer shrubs—potentilla, fothergilla and heathers. I need hardly say that this particular garden boasts no lime, but the idea will serve any situation! Now, through and amongst these shrubs shall come our groups of herbs, not growing in beds, but as part and parcel of the natural landscape, asking only that the coarser grass and weeds such as dock and hemlock shall have been banned. Then, as we come down towards the lake-side, I would put iris sibirica, astilbes, rheum palmatum, the giant rhubarb with five-foot spikes of white or pink feathery flowers, rodgersia, saxifraga peltata, senecio, and kingcups in their finest form, called caltha polypetala, brought back by Reginald Farrer from the Vatican gardens. According to his soil and climate, and to what he knows, or thinks, will thrive redoubtably in his garden, this meadow planting can be infinitely varied according to taste. No rare, expensive plants should be used, only common, easy-going friends, to lead from garden to completely wild land.

How to prune: *so many enquiries are received by public bodies regarding the pruning of roses that demonstrations for the public have been arranged in Queen Mary's gardens, Regent's Park, where this picture was taken. An oblique cut is made with sharp scissors about eight inches above the bole, below a branching*

Blanche Henrey

Berberis Darwinii, *a barberry from Chile, is again justifying its inclusion in the twelve best shrubs ever brought to this country, scarlet in bud, warm orange in flower*

April the First

THE early days of the month, with warmth and soft rain, have caused so many plants to move that one hardly knows what first to enjoy. The rose-pink flowers of Prunus persica foliis rubris, sitting stalkless along the dark twigs, with the red-purple foliage just pushing, is very lovely. The Yoshino cherry, Prunus Yedoensis, is opening its first flowers, single white, and borne in such profusion that a tree in full bloom is weighed down by its own beauty. For yellow, Berberis undulata beats anything in the garden, smothered by short, stiff spikes of sweet-scented flowers that are so admirably shown off by its dark and glowing green leaves. I saw to-day Ceanothus rigidus and Cydonia japonica—a scarlet form—next to each other, and intermingling on a Queen Anne red brick wall: they were lovely, even on a dull, rainy afternoon. Berberis Darwinii, an old favourite from Chile, is again justifying its inclusion in the list of the twelve best shrubs ever brought to this country, scarlet in bud, warm orange in flower. But I suppose the plant family of the month is rhododendron, whose number is legion, and they must wait a week.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V

BOOTH'S DRY GIN

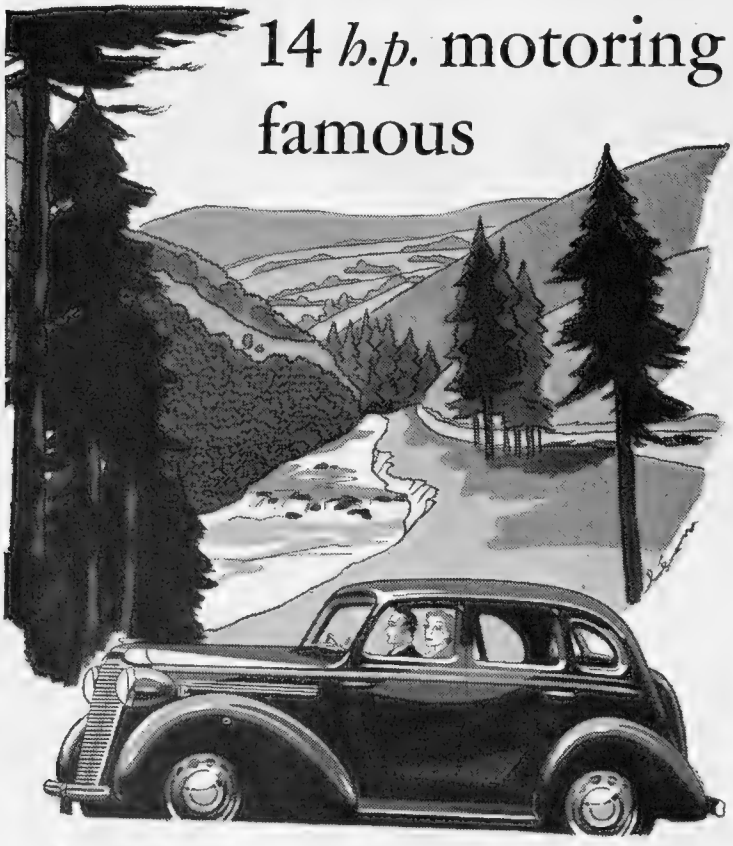
Quality
ACHIEVED BY
Maturity

● The superlative quality of BOOTH'S DRY GIN can only be achieved in one way... by patient and careful maturing. Ask for Booth's yourself, you'll agree that it's

Definitely Superior!

C.F.H.

The car that made 14 *h.p.* motoring famous



YOU, like most motorists, have come to expect big things of a new Fourteen by Vauxhall. Even so you'll be agreeably surprised by this new car. Here is the inimitable Vauxhall liveliness, smooth-running and sweet-handling, built into a bigger, roomier and much more luxurious car.

Since the announcement at the Motor Show, the demand for this new Fourteen has taxed even Vauxhall's manufacturing resources. Only by trebling the original manufacturing schedules have we been able to catch up with the demand, and, at last, reasonably early delivery can be given.

THE NEW VAUXHALL FOURTEEN IS

BIGGER
with longer wheelbase, wider track, and much more roomy coachwork,

LIVELIER
the new 6-cyl. engine gives more and *smoother* power,

SAFER
all-steel integral construction and hydraulic brakes,

EASIER TO DRIVE
all silent, all synchromesh gears, adjustable steering wheel, etc.,

SMOOTHER
latest Vauxhall torsion bar Independent Springing, trouble free, steady on corners,

MORE LUXURIOUS
arm-rests to all seats and many new luxury features,

AND ECONOMICAL
30 miles per gallon at an average speed of 30 m.p.h.

DE LUXE SALOON
£230

THE NEW VAUXHALL

Before you decide on your next car, see and try the new fourteen at your local Vauxhall dealers'. Write for literature to Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., Luton, Beds.

14 SIX

***Brooklands'** Easter Monday meeting was well supported by populace and Sol, and provided some good racing. The Hon. Peter Aitken, who won the third Easter Road Handicap in an E.R.A., was snapped with Mrs. Barbara Thomas*

Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

NEXT Tuesday sees the start of the R.A.C. Rally, and from each of the four starting controls—Blackpool, London, Stratford-on-Avon and Torquay—the competitors will wend their devious ways through the night, and the next day to Buxton, where all will spend the Wednesday night. The following morning they will set forth again on the hush-hush part of the trip over a secret course—only revealed at the start—which will include some really tricky "colonial" sections, with hills of unusual steepness to be climbed non-stop and corners of incredible acuteness to be rounded without reversing. Thence to Blackpool, from which point the cars will run straight through to the final check at Brighton, on reaching which, on Thursday evening, they will be submitted to an acceleration and braking test.

On the Friday morning a quick-start test will be succeeded by eliminating tests in the Madeira Drive—and it is surprising how efficiently these tests *do* eliminate! Again, the precise nature of these tests is not revealed until competitors reach Brighton, but I am prepared to wager that at least one part of such tests on what is really a speed-trials course will turn out to comprise acceleration from line A to line B and the quickest possible stop thereafter.

THE total entry for this year's Rally is 224, and of this number 107 are open and 117 closed cars. Forty-six different makes are represented, eleven of these being foreign and thirty-five British. There are ninety-eight in the group for cars over 15 h.p.; fifty in that for cars between 10 and 15 h.p., and seventy-six in the group up to 10 h.p., the latter figure being the biggest entry ever received in this section of the Rally. M.G. is the make best represented, with twenty-four entries, with S S as the runner-up with twenty-three.

(*Concluded on page* ii)

***Billy Cotton,** furthest from camera in his E.R.A., was runner-up in the Easter Road Championship at Brooklands to Dobson (also E.R.A.). Here Cotton's rival on the Vickers' bridge is A. Macarthur (M.G.)*

"Ethyl . . . has done much to make possible the amazing performance of the small car of to-day"

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL

". . . and this is an amazing little car"

said the School of Motoring Instructor

British small cars lead all over the world for value. A few years ago their performance would have been considered little short of miraculous. When fuelled with Esso Ethyl they are even more marvellous, for they are built to take full advantage of a high-compression petrol, which by stopping pinking, either audible or *muffled*, makes them livelier, faster and better hill-climbers.

ESSO ETHYL—THE PETROL THAT STOPS MUFFLED PINKING

LOOK FOR THE NEW OVAL GLOBE
YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

THE NEAREST THING TO FLYING

ESSO ETHYL

THIS

That is why HUMBER, HILLMAN and SUNBEAM-TALBOT use and recommend DOUBLE SHELL OIL EXCLUSIVELY

STAYS ON THE JOB

STANDING
STARTING
RUNNING

The Humber "Snipe": a successful 1939 addition to the roads is this comfortable, medium-sized car, of which the saloon, at £355, is shown here

Motoring Commentary *(Continued from page 116)*

LUXURY cars are well represented by Rolls-Royce, Bentley, Lagonda, Daimler, Wolseley, S S, Delahaye, Alvis, Jensen, Humber, Lanchester and Railton. The new Raymond Mays, of which four are entered, will arouse considerable interest, as will the team of new sports Singers. Amongst the smaller cars are teams of the new Wolseley "Ten," Austin "Eight," Standard "Eight" and Morris "Eight." Three interesting foreign cars are the Mercury, a product of the Lincoln works, a German D.K.W., and another American—the "Bantam"—a small car of 8 h.p. Two of the Wolseleys—one the winner of the Prix d'Honneur in the Monte Carlo Rally, and the other, which spent many hours immersed in a river during its trip to South Africa, will be of particular interest to the public. Twenty-two cars have, up to the present, been nominated for the ladies' prizes.

Another particularly interesting new car, which will make its first appearance in this event, is the exceedingly snappy open four-seater sports-bodied Daimler, to be handled by that most competent driver, Bob Crouch. I am prepared to prophesy that this car will be one of the most attractive in the entire Rally, and I expect it to do equally well in the tests and in the coachwork competition, which terminates the proceedings at Brighton on Saturday.

As usual, the B.B.C. is taking a keen and helpful interest in the proceedings, and in between competing in an open-bodied Jensen, I am doing four broadcasts, covering the event from London, Buxton and Brighton.

BRITISH small cars lead all over the world for value. A few years ago a saloon car, powered with a tiny 8 h.p. engine, yet capable of comfortably carrying four full-sized adults at a speed of sixty miles an hour, would have been regarded as an optimist's dream, but to-day tens of thousands of such cars are running smoothly on our highways. With petrol consumption as low as forty-five miles per gallon they are a miracle of economical transport.

Improvements in petrol have been largely responsible for the small car's remarkable development. To quote the words of Sir Malcolm Campbell: "The influence of Esso Ethyl has assisted towards improving the breed of British cars and has done much to make possible the amazing performance of the small car to-day. Higher compressions were made practicable with the result that greatly increased power was obtained in proportion to the size and weight of the engine." No wonder the popularity of Ethyl petrol is spreading everywhere: over half the cars in the world now run on it.

On March 31 an important change took place in the appearance of many petrol pumps. The familiar Esso Ethyl pump-head globe betook unto itself an oval form, while Essolene, the leading utility petrol for commercial vehicles, was superseded by a new brand called Esso and distinguished by a similar oval globe.

AT the moment, the motor industry is enjoying a boom. On all sides I hear of broken sales records and of hopes for one of the best seasons since the good old days of six or so years ago. To take but one example: Vauxhall Motors sales during March set up a new high record in the history of the company, well over 7000 Vauxhall cars and Bedford trucks being delivered during the month. So far this season Vauxhall sales in this country are 27 per cent. higher than for the corresponding period last year. There has also been a steady increase in export business: shipments during March were considerably higher than those of last year.

Over 1000 more men are now employed at the Vauxhall Luton factory, making the total over 9000. £1,500,000 has been spent during the past year on new factory and plant extensions, which are rapidly nearing completion. Commenting on these figures, Mr. C. J. Bartlett, managing director, said: "Our orders for April are equally promising, and we are looking forward to a record year."

Finely upholstered in pigskin hide, with woodwork carried out in walnut and embellished with every accessory to comfort, the interior possesses that particular charm only associated with the high grade car.

A novel feature is the winding quarter light which swings down flush into the body side. The control is noticeably easy to operate.

The WOLSELEY
Special 25 h.p.
DROP-HEAD COUPÉ

THIS distinguished, fast, and powerful (*105 b.h.p.*) car disposes of any doubts that a drop-head coupe is the ideal all-the-year-round car. Wolseley engineers have perfected a quick-action hood which is a complete success, both as regards ease of opening and closing, and the absence of draughts and rattle. There is the comfort of the saloon with the supreme advantage of being warm in winter and fresh and cool in summer. The performance is quite phenomenal—high maximum speed, really astonishing road-clinging on corners, and a quiet docility in traffic. Moreover, the body lines transcend the beauty and distinction of any drop-head you can think of.

Wolseley Motors Ltd., Ward End, Birmingham, 8. London Distributors: Eustace Watkins Ltd., Berkeley St., W.1. Sole Exporters: M. I. E. Ltd., Oxford.

Price : £498
Jackalls, Dunlops and Triplex, of course.

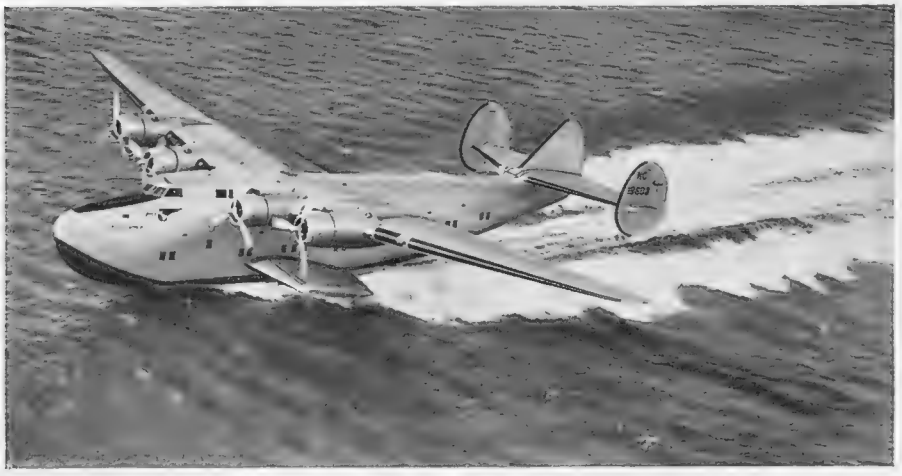
BUY WISELY BUY **WOLSELEY**

Over the Sea by 'Plane

By Charles Ward

The Atlantic Ferry

As air speed and range increase, the Atlantic crossing becomes safer and the possibility of maintaining regular services becomes a probability. The flight of survey undertaken by the "Yankee Clipper" was completed according to plan, and the flying-boat is now on its way home. Its great size is not apparent in the picture on this page, but those who saw it at Southampton remarked particularly on the bulk of the hull, which appears twice the size of the "Empire" boat. "Yankee Clipper" was built by Boeing, and has sleeping accommodation for forty passengers in eight roomy cabins. Range is an easy 3000 miles, and the total horse-power 6000. Competition for mails and later for passengers will not start in earnest till next year, by which time Imperial Airways' fleet of new boats will be ready for service and the experimental flights will have been completed. Aerial tankers are on their way to Montreal and another is ready for refuelling in the air over Eire. By contrast with the activity of civil operators to establish a commercial link between America and Europe, there is another scheme which contemplates aid in time of emergency. Major Alexander Seversky has suggested to the Air Ministry that fighters as well as bombers could fly the Atlantic, just as easily as all landplanes would be "ferried" across the Channel to France. Distance makes no difference to the success of such an achievement, provided that the aircraft have adequate range and their pilots are well trained in navigation. Long-range fighters are a distinct type which will be needed for defence, and their production in America would not be subject to the interruption of hostile raids. Incidentally, Major Seversky flew a "Spitfire" at Southampton, whilst his opposite number, the Supermarine test pilot, Flying-Officer Quill, flew the Seversky single-seater "pursuit-ship." Both were impressed by the performance of the other's aircraft.



"Yankee Clipper," the 41-ton Transatlantic air-liner which carried twenty-one people on a flight of survey from Baltimore to Ireland via the Azores, Lisbon and Southampton

At the Schools and Clubs

Air Service Training, Ltd., must be very gratified with the results of their Ground Engineering course. Of the nine students who recently sat for their examinations, all were successful. The engineering side seems to attract more and more young men these days. The course is one of the most popular, and there are a number of new students joining the April term at Hamble. Meanwhile, the organisation grows to cope with the increasing demands. Visitors to A.S.T. will see signs of the times in the second administrative block to include pilots' map and locker rooms, record offices, and a camera obscura. Another hangar is already nearing completion and will house larger type training aircraft. The Air Defence Cadet Corps has attained half of its objective. Ten thousand boys have been recruited in a few months and the total of 200 squadrons

(*Concluded on page* vi)

ADVANCED DESIGN

The bow of the S.S. "Queen Mary", the world's fastest steamship and the "Overland"—are remarkably similar. Both of advanced design. All Overland specifications are likewise advanced. If you want a new—different—better type of lower-priced car, drive the Overland. Ask for illustrated literature and a demonstration without obligation.

15.9 Horsepower
High Fuel Economy
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Clyde Pangborn and his bride, who was Mlle. Beaucaire Duval, photographed at Southampton. He is test pilot to Cunliffe-Owen Aircraft, builders of the "Flying Wing," and was previously well known as an American pilot who flew the Pacific in 1931

Over the Sea by 'Plane

(Continued from page iv)

should be reached by the end of the year. Seven hundred cadets are to join gliding camps during the summer, these being distributed at eight different centres.

The Flying Holiday

ONE of the most popular of the air holidays is that of Easter, and each year sees more and more people availing themselves of the speed of the flying routes in pleasure trips to the Continent. The faster they can complete their air journeys, the more time there is for sightseeing in the cities and resorts they visit; and this year travellers have had the privilege of passing swiftly across the Channel in express 'planes of the new Imperial "F" class—the fastest four-engined passenger aircraft now in service on European airways. For several weeks prior to this year's holiday, advance bookings were exceptionally heavy. Ordinary services on the Paris route were suspended, a special holiday programme being substituted to meet the pressure of traffic. On the Thursday prior to the holiday seven services had been arranged, but it became necessary to fix three supplementary departures; while there were also a number of specials scheduled for Le Touquet. This year Imperial Airways and British Airways will be operating a joint summer service to and from Paris. Time-schedules will be arranged so as to provide an air departure every two hours throughout the day in each direction, the first service leaving London at 8 a.m. and the last at 10 p.m. The provision of high speed with every travel comfort, and an increase in frequency on many services, will be features of 1939. The scope now available for aerial tourists has been extended and here are two examples from London. Passengers will be able to fly stage by stage till they reach a destination such as Kirkenes, Norway—well within the Arctic Circle—or another long-distance air ticket will take them as far as Moscow.

Getting the Air Sense

FOUR school-children who, the other day, were packing their bags for Easter will have covered approximately 24,000 miles by air between them by the time they return to their studies in a few weeks' time. The longest journey of the four is being undertaken by John Raisman, aged ten, who left Southampton on April 2nd, and who will have flown nearly 6000 miles by the time he reaches Gwalior. Officials of Imperial Airways, complying with a request from Master John's parents, will see to it that—after he has enjoyed a light supper each night—this young passenger goes to bed not later than 7 p.m., not waiting to have dinner with the grown-ups. These officials will also see that nothing is left behind out of Master John's packing at night stops, and that he wears his topee when necessary. Then there is fourteen-year-old Ethne Irwin, who left Southampton for Alexandria on April 1st. She was being looked after by a woman member of the Imperial Airways' staff at the hotels at both Southampton and at Rome. On March 29th twelve-year-old Peter Packer left Southampton for Athens, repeating an air journey he experienced at Easter last year. The fourth is Master Phelps, aged twelve, who left England on April 2nd for Tiberias, to spend Easter in Palestine. A six-year-old, Simon Digby, has just flown alone by Imperial Airways from London to Paris. In the French capital he was met by his mother, who had travelled from India to spend Easter with her small son. Young Master Digby was escorted to Croydon by one of the masters of his school, and then placed in the care of an Imperial Airways' official, who looked after him during the flight to Paris.

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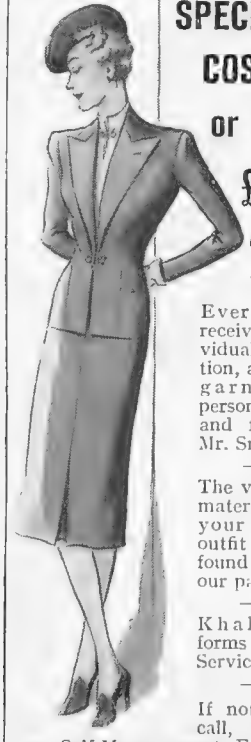

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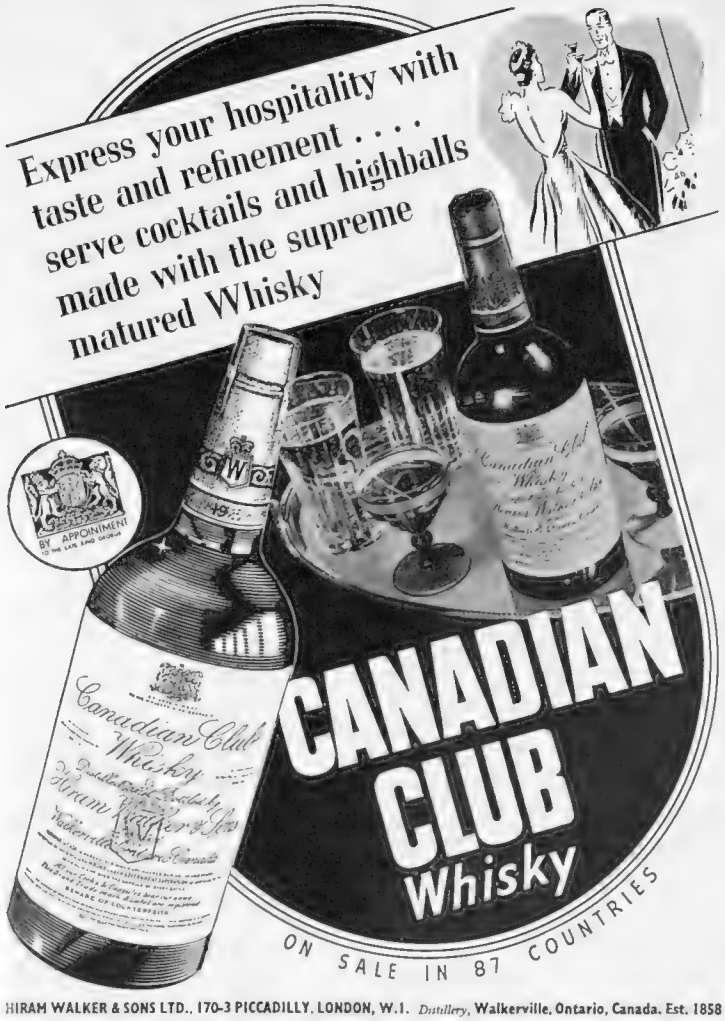

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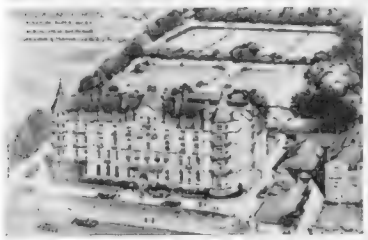

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Why Whitmarsh?

(Continued from page 98)

and demanded the missing issue; the man's smile broadened into something very like a grin as he replied that Lady Polegrin had it in her bedroom.

"Ah, good," said Jimmie, with little hope that he was covering his confusion. Oh, well, what did it matter? Lady Polegrin had taken him on.

But what on earth was he to do? He must put up some kind of show to justify his fee. "Why Whitmarsh?" they 'd ask again; and if his fee was as fat as he wanted to make it——

He pulled out his pipe and did some desperate thinking. He 'd show them; he 'd cross-examine everyone in the house. "Why Whitmarsh?" Hell!—a bracelet insured for £12,200—the only thing that was clear to him was that Lady Polegrin wanted both the bracelet and the insurance company's money. She was employing him to convince the insurance company that she was in earnest; she counted upon his reputation for honesty to convince them—and at the same time upon his dishonesty to cheat them. "Why Whitmarsh?" was a question which no longer seemed so unreasonable to him.

And then he had a bright idea: he demanded the visitors' book and went through it for the past five years. He noted the most frequent visitors, and their addresses, he noted particularly that one James Dover was the most frequent visitor of all—and had only become so after the death of Sir Henry Polegrin. And then he took his leave of Lady Polegrin, saying that the next stage of his investigations must be in London, and that he would report to her as soon as he could.

He got busy. He satisfied himself that Lady Polegrin really had worn the bracelet five years ago, and that she had always made a point of displaying it and commenting on its value. There was no question of a substitution; the bracelet which she had worn five years ago was certainly the one which she had worn on the evening of the burglary. No one could describe it exactly, except the man who had valued it; but no one dissented from that description. The valuer was a recognised expert.

Jimmie persisted: the question "Why Whitmarsh?" drove him on.

He turned his attention to James Dover—and then he got on to something interesting. Mr. Dover's income always appeared comfortable, but no one seemed to know its precise origin. He appeared to specialise in friendships with wealthy folk who needed a helping hand through the jungle of Mayfair; and just two years ago James Dover had been particularly successful in making friends with a young Indian Prince. Jimmie Whitmarsh made a round of the establishments to which a Maharajah might be taken to buy souvenirs of his London visit; he was at home here—he had found divorce evidence before now in just such places. And in due course he discovered that Mr. Dover had helped the Maharajah to have a number of precious stones re-set as a bracelet to be bestowed upon his third but favourite wife. Mr. Dover had taken charge of the proceedings, and doubtless had been paid for his trouble by both parties.

And there it was. The design of the bracelet, as finally set, agreed exactly with the description of Lady Polegrin's, as given by the valuer; James Dover had done the buyer the further service of collecting from the jeweller who made it; and James Dover had paid a visit to Lady Polegrin just before and just after the valuation.

Jimmie Whitmarsh repaired again to the country to report to his client. He strolled in the garden before he rang the bell, and decided that for a young man of Mr. Dover's capacity it would be quite easy to throw a bracelet out of an upper window into the ornamental pond, chock-full of water-lilies, which was so pleasing a feature of the garden. And then he rang the bell.

"No," he admitted, "I haven't recovered your bracelet, Lady Polegrin, yet. But I have come down to do so."

"You mean it 's here?"

"Yes. In your lily-pond. It must be dragged."

Lady Polegrin was surprised, incredulous, angry. Her general conclusion was that Jimmie was just talking nonsense.

She did not intend to waste money dragging the pond——

"Not for a bracelet worth £12,200?" said Jimmie mildly. "Admittedly people would know. You couldn't keep it quiet, but, after all, the sentimental value——"

Lady Polegrin grew angrier.

"Let 's get it straight," said Jimmie at last. "The bracelet you lost isn't worth a tenner, is it?"

"Do you dare to suggest that it was a fake—a copy?"

"Oh, no," said Jimmie. "It 's the original. The copy was the one you had valued—the one that Mr. Dover had made for his Rajah pal and lent to you for—well, for valuation purposes."

Lady Polegrin exploded.

"Well, if I 'm wrong it will pay you to drag the pond," Jimmie managed at length to point out.

"You? If *you* are wrong? Who are you, after all?"

"That 's just it," said Jimmie. "That 's how you began. 'Why Whitmarsh?' you said was the question your friends were asking. And you pretended you didn't know; when, in fact, you 'd been reading and re-reading that foul divorce case, and had come to the conclusion that Jimmie Whitmarsh must be the world's worst detective. As soon as I got on to it and realised that you wanted me because you were sure I 'd find out nothing—well, that brought me back here to talk about lily-ponds. And if it 's all the same to you, we might talk about fees, too. Cheques, of course, to be made payable to J, not Y, Whitmarsh."

THE END.

The "Bystander" Ladies' Monthly Golf Spoons and Yearly Challenge Cup

Open to members of clubs affiliated to the Ladies' Golf Union in Great Britain, Ireland and Overseas.

The Bystander awards thirty silver teaspoons in each L.G.U. Handicap Division every month, from April to September inclusive, for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March inclusive fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places.

One spoon is also given monthly for the best gross return of the month relative to the scratch score of the course, if such a card does not win a spoon under handicap. Ties to be won by the card returned against the higher scratch score, a further tie by the player with the longer handicap. Winning names and scores will appear in the second issue of the paper each month.

Only scores taken out and returned for L.G.U. handicap purposes (*i.e.*, in Open or County Meetings, L.G.U. Competitions, or as Extra Day scores) during the month are eligible for the competition.

Each card, or true copy, must be signed by the player's partner, and also by the Club Hon. Sec., who must certify the Scratch Score of the course.

The Golf Coupon from any issue of the Bystander during the current month must be attached to the first card sent in by each player during that month. Players may send in as many cards each month as the L.G.U. regulations allow them to take out, but no player can win more than one spoon during any one month, except that a player who wins in the Bronze Division can also subsequently win in the Silver.

Cards from players in Great Britain and Ireland must be sent to the Golf Editor, the Bystander Office, 32 34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, so that they reach her not later than the first day of the month following the one in which they are taken out.

Cards from players in the Dominions and from other Overseas clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. must be posted within one week of being taken out, accompanied by the coupon of the month then current in the country of posting. Such cards will be entered for the competition of the month in which they are received. A spoon will be given each month to the best card under handicap from an Overseas player if such card does not win a spoon in the ordinary way.

Yearly Challenge Cup

A Yearly Challenge Cup and memento will be awarded to the player winning the greatest number of Bystander spoons during the year, irrespective of which Division she is in and whether the spoons are handicap, scratch, or Overseas. In the event of a tie, the Cup will go to the player having the best net total on the scores with which she won the spoons: if a further tie, to the best single score, and if a further tie again, to the player whose worst winning score is the least bad.

March Results: Silver Division (18 and under)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. J. Hill	Royal Singapore	77	9	68	72	4 below
Mrs. J. A. George	Great Yarmouth	80	7	73	75	2 "
Miss J. Stevens	Bournemouth	78	7	71	73	2 "
Mrs. G. Locker-Lampson	Ranelagh	79	15	64	66	2 "
Mrs. McWilliam	Barrackpore	88	17	71	73	2 "
Miss Warren	Chislehurst	73	4	69	70	1 "
Miss D. Brownlow	Ranelagh	75	10	65	66	1 "
Miss R. Parker	Dyke	82	11	71	72	1 "
Miss D. Mullholland	Ranelagh	80	15	65	66	1 "
Mrs. Booth	Shirley Park	90	18	72	73	1 "
Mrs. Regnart	Addington	79	4	75	75	All square
Mrs. Brooks	Morecambe	76	4	72	72	" "
Mrs. Borradaile	Camberley Heath	82	9	73	73	" "
Mrs. L. G. Sewell	Sale	85	12	73	73	" "
Miss V. Ussher	Ranelagh	82	16	66	66	" "

A Scratch spoon is awarded to Mrs. J. B. Watson, Gullane, for her gross score of 77, 2 above the par, which failed with her handicap of +1 to win a handicap spoon.

Bronze Division (19 to 36)

Player.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. J. V. Saunderson	Ranelagh	91	34	57	66	9 below
Mrs. C. S. Fox	Jodhpur	93	31	62	70	8 "
Miss C. Mansell	Camberley Heath	101	35	66	73	7 "
Mrs. E. Ruddock	Royal Singapore	85	19	66	72	6 "
Mrs. G. B. Hedley	Tollygunge	98	28	70	76	6 "
Miss M. Maclagan	Camberley Heath	98	31	67	73	6 "
Miss D. Crawford	Irvine	106	36	70	76	6 "
Mrs. M. D. Harrison	Camberley Heath	93	25	68	73	5 "
Lady Malcolm Campbell	Dyke	105	36	69	72	3 "
Mrs. Mein	Sherwood Forest	97	25	72	74	2 "
Miss M. Park	Yelverton	108	36	72	74	2 "
Mrs. Clayton Robson	Ranelagh	90	24	66	66	All square
Mrs. Oldfield	North Hants	102	29	73	73	" "
Mrs. Finch	Shirley Park	106	33	73	73	" "
Mrs. Wood	Shirley Park	109	36	73	73	" "

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the Bystander *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* Bystander *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Sec. of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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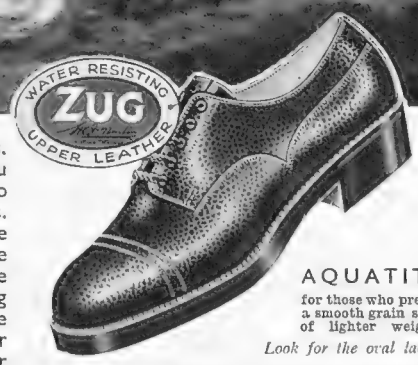

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Alexander — Robinson

Com. Harry C. R. Alexander, R.N., son of the late Lt.-Col. C. H. Alexander, and Donna Lyta Alexander, of 202, Colcherne Court, S.W.5, and Marion Cicely Robinson, daughter of the late John O. Robinson, and Mrs. Robinson, of Hindhead, Surrey, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square

Vester — Richmond

Horatio Vester, of 3, Hare Court, Temple, E.C., married Valentine Richmond at Great Kimble. She is the daughter of Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond, Master of Downing College, Cambridge, and Lady Richmond, of Great Kimble House, near Aylesbury, Bucks.

Stokoe — Sedgwick

Thomas Michael Stokoe, only son of Colonel and Mrs. Stokoe, of 6, Queensborough Terrace, W.2, and Elizabeth Eleanor Sedgwick, elder daughter of L. G. T. Sedgwick, and Mrs. Liddiard, of 23, St. Mary's Mansions, W.2, were married at Holy Trinity, Gloucester Terrace

Casement — Jones

Lieut. Roy Samuel Casement, R.N., youngest son of Admiral and Mrs. J. M. Casement, of Orchards, Pulborough, Sussex, and Enid Scott Jones, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Jones, of Marringdean Manor, Billingshurst, Sussex, were married at Christ Church, Down Street

Ridding — Tillott

J. Willett Ridding and Margot Tillott were married at St. James's, Hyde Park. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Tillott, of Waterways, East Harling, Norfolk

Savory — Davis

Ronald G. H. Savory, only son of Major Savory, of the Manor House, Field Dalling, Norfolk, and Mrs. Savory, and Georgina Evelyn Davis, daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Somerville Davis, of York, Western Australia, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Fayer

Diana Holden

Diana Constance Capel Holden is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. H. C. L. Holden, of Ashton Manor, near Exeter. She announced her engagement to Lieut. Anthony Pownoll Pellew, R.N., son of Major and Mrs. Fleetwood Pellew, of Canonteign, Devon

Catherine Bell

Eileen Mounteney

Is the daughter of Major and Mrs. W. S. Mounteney, of 36, Norfolk Square, W.2. Her engagement was announced in March to C.R.B.C. Stephan, son of H. J. C. Stephan, of Cape Town, and Mrs. N. M. Stephan, of Pembury

Catherine Bell

Fenella Forsyth-Grant

Is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Forsyth-Grant, of Ecclesgreig, Montrose, Kincardineshire, and is engaged to Wing-Com. F. J. Fogarty, R.A.F., son of the late Michael Fogarty, and Mrs. Fogarty, of Monkstown, Co. Cork

TWO CORRECTIONS

In our issue of March 29th (p. B) we stated that David Fremantle was the son of the late Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle. This is incorrect. He is the son of Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle and the late Lady Fremantle

In our issue of April 5th (p. E) we stated that Angus Keith Mackenzie-Charrington was the son of Surgeon-Capt. K. A. I. Mackenzie-Charrington. This is incorrect. He is the son of Surgeon-Capt. K. A. I. Mackenzie, having himself recently taken the name Charrington by deed-poll. We much regret these mistakes

Bassano

Heather Lindsay Eddis

Is engaged to Captain George Stuart Knox, Royal Signals, second son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Hamish Knox, of 56, Palace Road, Llandaff, Glamorgan, and the late Mrs. Knox. Her parents are Colonel and Mrs. B. L. Eddis, of Brereton, Gerrards Cross, Bucks.

Pearl Freeman

Betty Fordham

Is engaged to Capt. Henry W. Faure Walker, Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Faure Walker, of Highley Manor, Balcombe, Sussex. She is the daughter of the late Henry Fordham, and the late Mrs. E. Barclay, and stepdaughter of Edward Barclay, of Brent Pelham Hall, Herts.

Lenare

Mary Norwenna Hale

Is engaged to Richard Nathaniel Twisleton-Wykeham-Fiennes, son of the late G. Y. T-W-Fiennes and Mrs. Fiennes, of Berri Court, Yapton, Sussex. She is the daughter of the Rev. J. R. and Mrs. Hale of Yalding Vicarage, Maidstone, Kent

Lenare

Joy Egerton

Joyce Mabel Egerton is the only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Hugh C. Egerton, of Fairfield Close, Exmouth, Devon. She will be married soon to Horatio Guy Campbell, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Guy Campbell, of 16, Abbey Lodge, Regent's Park, N.W. 1

Pearl Freeman

Joan Elisabeth Moller

Is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. A. Moller, of 11, Eaton Terrace, S.W.1. She is to be married to Alexander Inglis Little, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. I. Little, of Cape Town

Elizabeth Vowe Peake

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. V. Peake, of The Grange, Rawnsley, Staffs. She is engaged to Gerald W. I. Waites, Malay States, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Waites, of Penistone, Yorks.

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

April 19—April 25

THEATRES

Straight Plays

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protégé: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.—The Mask Theatre production from the Westminster of Shaw's style of *Citadel*, with Lydia Sherwood: Whitehall, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DRACULA.—A revival at popular prices of Bram Stoker's famous thriller: Winter Garden, 8.30. Wed. Sat., 2.30.

THE FAMILY REUNION.—T. S. Eliot's play in verse does not succeed like *Murder in the Cathedral*, because it is about a modern aristocratic family: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Last days.)

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS.—Cheap seats to see the hilarious comedy from the Criterion: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GAS LIGHT.—An excellent psychological thriller; Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies as Dennis Arundell's tortured wife, Milton Rosmer to the rescue: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

GENEVA.—Shaw's newest play is topical and stimulatingly Shavian; Cecil Trouncer, Donald Wolfit, Ernest Thesiger: St. James', 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOODNESS, HOW SAD!—Title typifies this slight, jolly episode from a stage career; Jenny Laird and Sebastian Shaw head a good cast: Vaudeville, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

HEAVEN AND CHARING CROSS.—A real murder story, with real people; Frederick Peisley as the killer, Mary Clare as his mother: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

JOHNSON OVER JORDAN.—Priestley's next-life pilgrimage with Ralph Richardson as the pilgrim: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LITTLE LADYSHIP.—An improbable plot of a married girl who goes back to school is made good entertainment by Lilli Palmer and Cecil Parker: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF-MOON STREET.—Another excellent scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MRS. VAN KLEEK.—Nancy Price plays the name-part—a tyrannical hotel proprietrix—in a play from Elinor Mordaunt's novel, supported by Pamela Stanley: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mon.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—A strong, touching play for the connoisseur; John Mills, Niall McGinnis, Claire Luce: Gate,

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan are the centre of a refreshing, humorous little matrimonial upheaval: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROBERT'S WIFE.—St. John Ervine's play about a parson married to a doctor; Owen Nares and Edith Evans; popular prices: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROOM FOR TWO.—Elsie Randolph, Hugh Wakefield, Henry Kendall in a bedroom comedy: Comedy, 8.30 Tues., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SUGAR PLUM.—Light conjugal comedy with Kay Hammond and Ronald Squire heading a good cast: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey are Katharine and Petruchio: Old Vic, 8.0 (not Mon.). Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THEY WALK ALONE.—Beatrix Lehmann makes a tour de force as a homicidal nymphomaniac in this strong thriller: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

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TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—Priestley's hilarious comedy pokes fun at Yorkshire morality: Princes, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE.—The story of a gold-digger's progress, played by Phyllis Calvert: Kingsway, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes and opera stars, with a 1938 pro- and epilogue to avoid démode, is the setting for Ivor Novello's new musical with Mary Ellis: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAGYAR MELODY.—An efficient supply of Continental romance in old-world Hungary from Binnie Hale, Roger Treville: His Majesty's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"The Dancing Years"

Ivor Novello's sure touch with his public is once more proved in the newest at Drury Lane, an Austrian musical romance which has settled down solidly. Here the actor-author-composer is with Roma Beaumont, the newcomer who made such a hit

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves hand out laughs generously in the lowdown on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 119.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

THESE FOOLISH THINGS.—The Crazy Gang's show is excellent entertainment value, with a lot of old friends and some new: Palladium, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); the Hippodrome (6.30 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

First Nights

THE WOMEN.—Claire Booth's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, Thurs., 20th.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The successor to *Nine Sharp* has the same cast—Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, Betty Ann Davies, etc.: Little, Fri., 21st.

CANDIDA.—Catherine Lacey as the woman in a revival of Shaw's play about the parson, the wife and the poet: Westminster, Mon., 24th.

CINEMAS

ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES (American).—James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, and the *Crime School* kids in a human, humane story: Marble Arch Pavilion.

BLACK EYES (French).—Simone Simon and Harry Baur in a pre-war Russian romance drama woven round the famous song: Berkeley.

THE COWBOY AND THE LADY (American) and THE WARE CASE (British).—Gary Cooper, Merle Oberon's pot-boiler, and Clive Brook on form as a charming rotter: Tivoli.

THE FOUR FEATHERS (British).—Korda's latest from Mason's book has John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, June Duprez: Odeon.

LES GENS DU VOYAGE (French).—A magnificent vivid canvas of circus life by Jacques Feyder with Françoise Rosay: Academy.

GUNGA DIN (American).—Fairbanks Junior, McLaglen, Cary Grant in a welter of Kipling spirit in India: Gaumont.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT (American).—A good film version of Sherwood's next-war play, with Clark Gable, a blonde Norma Shearer Edward Arnold: Empire.

LOVE AFFAIR (American).—Charles Boyer and Irene Dunne act better than the story deserves in this romance: Carlton.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER (American).—Carole Lombard and James Stewart in a well-acted exposition of domestic troubles and joys: London Pavilion.

NAPLES AU BAISER DU FEU (French).—A romantic realistic Neapolitan tale with Tino Rossi and his voice Mireille Balin, Viviane Romance: Studio One.

THE SILENT BATTLE (British).—Topical story of crisis times in which events move quicker than dictators; Valerie Hobson, John Loder, Rex Harrison: Plaza.

THE SISTERS (American).—Flynn, Bette Davis, Anita Louise in a well-drawn family saga: Warner.

THANKS FOR EVERYTHING (American).—Menjou, Jack Oakie, Binnie Barnes, in a wild affair about wireless: New Gallery.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS (American).—Don Ameche, the Ritz Brothers and Binnie Barnes in not much to do with Dumas: Regal.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP (American).—Deanna Durbin and her friends again, as charming and musical as ever: Leicester Square.

TROIS VALSES (French).—From a successful play, this film tells the story of three generations' loves; Yvonne Printemps, Pierre Fresnay: Curzon.

Premiere

LA BÊTE HUMAINE (French).—Jean Gabin, Simone Simon, in the Zola story (see pp. 92-93) open the Paris Cinema (Lower Regent Street) in aid of the Feathers Club: Thurs., 20th.

OPERA and BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE WRECKERS.—To-night, 19th, 8.

RAKE'S PROGRESS, SYLPHIDES, CHECKMATE.—Thurs., 20th, 8.30.

FAUST (with ballet).—Fri., 21st, 8.

THE WRECKERS.—Sat., 22nd, 2.30.

CAVALLERIA and PAGLIACCI.—Sat., 22nd, 8.

LA BOHÈME.—Tues., 25th, 8.

MUSIC

LONDON THEATRE CONCERT.—The Stratton Quartet and five soloists in a Schubert programme: Cambridge Theatre, Sun., 23rd, 8.30.

London Music Festival:

L.P.O.—Beecham conducts in Mozart's "Haffner," Delius's "Paris," Sibelius's 6th, Tchaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture: Queen's Hall, Sun., 23rd, 3.15.

L.S.O.—Bruno Walter conducts in Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mozart's E flat symphony, Brahms' 4th: Queen's Hall, Mon., 24th, 8.15.

LENER QUARTET.—Mozart quartets K458, K465, Divertimento for quartet and horns: Queen's Hall, Tues., 25th, 3.

and WE have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

The Dorchester

I HAVEN'T been able to see the new Sherek floor-show at the Dorchester. It starts to-morrow. But the facts I 've been told about it in advance leave little room for doubt that it will be a winner. Naunton Wayne is at stage centre again, the only English element in the big and glittering cast. It will be up to him to explain to the English audience what 's going on around him, and I 'm looking forward to listening to the terrifying aplomb with which he will do it.

Otherwise it is all-American. And what a team ! I read my Broadway columnists, and all these names ring merry bells. Helen Bennett, the most beautiful photographée, and about the most frequent, who has hit the fashion magazines for a decade. You 'll recognise her. Kathryn Kimber, rushed red-hot from a Broadway stage to sing to us here. Brantley and Linda, a team of dancers appearing for the first time on any British stage. And chorines of a loveliness unsurpassed.

This " New York Floor-Show " is different, too, in other ways. Most of the numbers will be mass effects, dances and songs, with the whole cast in evidence. I wouldn't be surprised if N. Wayne didn't dance and sing, too (for the first time on any British stage ?). I'm warned that their rendering in four tempos of "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree " is to be a London event.

Two shows a night. Ten and midnight. Jack Jackson for dancing. Very smart, of course.

Tallest mannequin at the Dorchester

The New San Marco

THERE has been only slight alteration since the days when this was Tony's Grill, or back again when it was the San Marco, tout court. Tony's, you recall, had no band. The New San Marco is an evening place now, as it was in the beginning. Ben Oakley's band plays, there will be a cabaret almost for certain by the time you read this, and dancing is cool and comparatively spacious, in some of the loveliest lighting and decorative effects in London. Small wonder that ladies like to be taken here to be seen, and to see people, at their best.

Peter, the maître, will see that your most idiosyncratic food fancies are carried out to the minute, at lunch and dinner. For each of these occasions, as after the theatre, great cars roll up to the impressive entrance. Political head-liners make it a meeting-ground out of school, and, you 'll find, couples whose engagements are announced in *The Times* at the top of the column, bolt in here on evenings when they are not harassed by their in-laws. If they are very nice in-laws, perhaps they 're brought along too. But they have to be *very* nice, and they should look their smartest, so as not to let the young things down.

The food is excellent, and not highly priced for what it is and where it is. The wines are famous, and if you can cadge an invitation to go over their cellars you 'll see a great selection. Change for after the theatre.

Pure Alsace at La Cigogne

Cigogne

I 'M not sure that I have ever been more enthusiastic about a new restaurant landmark. This is the first time I have had an opportunity of writing about the Cigogne in Arlington Street (off Piccadilly). But it has been on the

OPENING NIGHT—THURSDAY, APRIL 20th

"The Dorchester Floor Show"

with

★ ROBERT ALTON'S
" STARS OF TO-MORROW "
NAUNTON WAYNE
★ BRANTLEY AND LINDA
★ HELEN BENNETT
★ KAY KIMBER

PRODUCED BY HENRY SHEREK

Maurice Winnick and his Dance Band

★ First appearance in Europe

The Carlton GRILL
revives the Regency

Beatrice Macdermott's panels in the redecorated Carlton Grill depict scenes between 1785 and 1825. During that period Carlton House (which stood close to the site of the Carlton Hotel) was the scene of many brilliant functions

Those Regency days set a high standard of good living. It is worthily upheld to-day by the famous food and wines of the

Carlton GRILL

Pruniez-vous !

Have you discovered the secret of Prunier's success? Acquaint yourself with the cuisine, woo the wines, feast on the 'fruits de mer,' and you will know why the gourmet visits this famous restaurant again and yet again. Have you tried the Souper Intime at 6/6 prix fixe?

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"Dinner at Eight"

"About that date of ours, Betty. Will you meet me at the Café de l'Europe, say 7.30? We can either have something at the Snack Bar and go on to a Show—or—or, have dinner and talk."

"Talk, Jack? In a Restaurant?"

"Yes, rather. There is a quiet atmosphere at the Café de l'Europe, no music, and I can fully recommend the food and wine."

"Where is the Café de l'Europe?"

"Leicester Square. Nice-looking place, on the corner between the Warner Theatre and the Empire. You can't miss it."

"Of course! I'll come, and let's have dinner and—talk."

"That's fine. Because there's something I specially—I—er—I mean, I rather wanted to—er—tell you when I see you—— "

"Oh, Jack. I'll be absolutely punctual!"

Café de l'Europe

Leicester Square

Tyrolean Laendler Band. Open every night until 12.30. Fully Licensed. London's latest rendezvous. Luncheon—inclusive charge of 3/6 for choice of full menu

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I am popular at all sherry parties

REDNUTT

THE FINEST BROWN SHERRY PROCURABLE

ARMS OF THE HOUSE OF MORENO

Price 6/- per Bottle.
Obtainable at all the leading Wine Merchants.

map for six months or so. Its household gods are Alsatian, the stork from which it takes its name being the symbol of that French district. Large, comfortable cottage chairs, ironworked candle-groups on each table. Huge old flagons around the mantles. Candle-lit peace for theatre-diners, for great and prolonged dinners, and of course, for intimate suppers, sun-lit quiet for memorable lunches. You will choose from the fine Alsatian wines that fill the first pages of their monumental list, and select the food in general terms and have it served to you in the regional mode, mostly prepared at your table.

All the dishes on the great menu are explained in short English notes. (There are notes, too, on the wines.)

Pomme au four Cigogne: potato in jacket filled with lobster, baked over; Crêpe Neptune: a pancake filled with fish, gratiné; the famous choucrout Obernai; the poulet Colmar. They make a delicious lobster salad in front of you. Ask also for fresh crayfish tails with dill seasonings. Have them serve you with their charcuterie Alsacienne on a wooden plate—they have twelve different types of those excellent sausages.

When you have seen what you want ask them for an all-in price or say at the start you want a good lunch for 5/6 or a dinner for 7/6, and leave the rest to them. Prices are otherwise highish, but worthily. Not Sundays.

Prunier's

Supper group at Prunier's

LUNCH and dinner at Prunier's has now acquired the same luscious significance for keen gourmets in London as it has had in Paris since the days of Edward VII. But in London supper for the rich and the fair generally has dancing, music, and tails as necessary concomitants. That has been so for many years, and it has wrongly come to be assumed that because most people want these things, those who don't must simply grin and bear it.

Well, Mme. Prunier is changing that. Prunier's in St. James's Street is gradually now filling up after the theatre with people who know that their own conversation and Madame's food and wine are superbly at their respective bests around midnight.

Did you know that there is an Au Choix supper there for the modest sum of 6/6, which includes three dishes and a glass of wine, beer, or whisky? The first course would be chosen from oysters, smoked salmon, balik, and those "assiettes" of heaped sea-food that Prunier's means to the wise. The second—well, look: a dozen dishes to choose from, served piping hot in their own little jars. This time I shall have a Haddock Monte Carlo, and see how that common name is given greatness of meaning in this temple of gluttony. Afterwards, I think, Ananas au Kirsch. And a glass of sancerre, maybe two, and a fine maison with the coffee. With those extras it won't be 10/-, either.

No, you don't have to change. Come as you are. You 'll find the smart and the untidy around you, the beautiful and the clever. Informality, please. I could tell you names of people who use Prunier's for talkative suppers. They might surprise you.

Carlton Grill

VERY big business, big, old-established family business, makes the Carlton Grill its lunchtime home. One or two tables, of course, are reserved for relaxing ambassadors, and no statement will be issued to the Press of their conversations. And your rich Uncle George may take you there while his club is being re-decorated.

Charles of the Carlton Grill

Dinner-time arrivals are still mostly masculine, black-tied and soft-shirted, but the new furnishings, murals and lighting are a fine setting for fair women, and fair women are finding that. The keynote is Regency London. And the good living of the Sheridan-Brummel-Fox period is attainable to you while their pictures look down on you from the walls. The food from M. Albert's kitchens, the wines from the world. Nobody questions either, because both are unquestionable.

Beatrice Macdermott has done the panels, White Allom the new décor. Chairs are comfortable, service swift and loving. Prices are far from immoderate. The Carlton has a name to keep up, and succeeds here by merit, not by the glamour of its associations.

See the great new grill at the end of the room, glass-surrounded, cottage-tiled, a hothouse for the production of exquisite offerings, great dishes, for the great. That needn't exclude you. Charles, the presiding genius, would be as glad to see you as if you were Prinny himself.

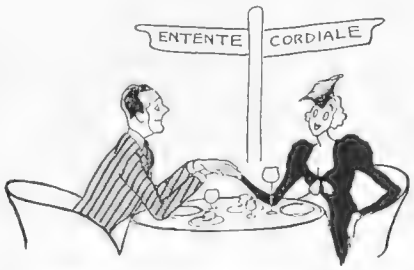
La Maison Basque

FOR many years now La Maison Basque has hidden itself behind opaque windows in Dover Street. To those in the know, and with safe incomes, it served famous meals with fabulous wines at famous prices. One or two books (I seem to remember that Rosamund Lehmann's *Weather in the Streets* was one) mention it lovingly. But its fame was otherwise strictly word-of-mouth, and reverend at that. It always surprised me a bit to find that it is in heavy type in the 'phone book.

The ownership has changed recently, and the prices. But little else. Germain Bagole is chef patron, and will come to your table and help you choose from his vast menu. And he is hugely informative if you ask him how he makes the lovely dishes that he serves you. He is an expert in the cuisine of most European countries, and I recommend three of his particular fancies: Délice de Sole Jean Borotra (has banana and grapes avec), Omelette Basquaise (chicken, mushroom, asparagus tips), Pêche Chibertin (stuffed with marrons glacés, zabaglione sauce, liqueur and grated chocolate)

Open Sundays, too. You needn't dress in the evenings. You should get to know La Maison Basque. It has been restaurant history for years.

Le Bon Viveur



Entente Cordiale at the Bon Viveur

TO the members of Le Bon Viveur (yes, it is a club) there is hardly ever anything to say, because they go there regularly and find out the news from Davico himself. But it might be worth telling those of them who have been out of town or touch recently that it is becoming more than ever necessary these days to book tables. Around 1.15 and 8 o'clock those small premises fill remarkably quickly, and business is booming on the lunch and dinner markets these days. Even the little waiting-room cocktail-bar is a quick-filler. So ring and tell Davico that you're coming.

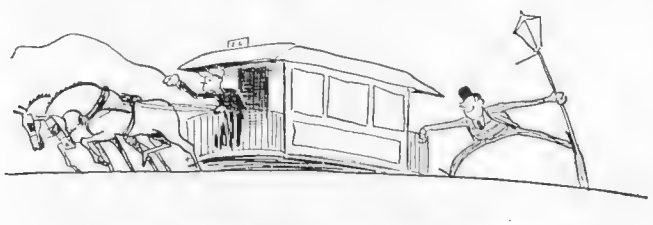
To non-members I can only repeat that they ought to get in touch with members and cadge an invitation to a meal. The food in itself, and the wines, too, are worthy enough lures to the gourmet. The prices, considering, you wouldn't mind paying yourself; and anyway, the member pays.

But take a look round the exiguous lay-out and see if you don't agree that Davico has "got something" there. The little signpost lamp, with evocations of hot climes, the murals and trellises to strengthen the memories. The minute band up in the rafters after dinner. The nice people, informally and vastly content. The comfy chairs, the huge coffee cups, the excellent coffee. Surely the Bon Viveur is a happy haven in Mayfair, free of the grooves of change, and surely my praises thereof are a preachment to the converted.

Kempinski's

THERE 's generally something new toward in Kempinski's hospitable rooms. Worthy of report this time is their Thursday night entertainment. It 's not a regular feature, and the irregularity of it is in the pleasantly informal tradition of the house of an evening. The idea is that guests should entertain as well as regular performers on that night of the week, and occasionally you may find big star attractions, sitting enjoying themselves at the tables, suddenly asked by the management to give an impromptu. Which they do, with relish. And a very good scheme it works out to be. Ruby Miller, the film and stage head-liner (*Worth a Million*. Did you see it?) was a recent acquisition that way.

Jean Melville and Fred Aspinall continue their regular singing, playing and fooling after dinner. There is dancing for those as feels like it after ten in the restaurant. And withal, in restaurant



Great Strength of Grandfather Kempinski

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Delicious Alsatian and Regional Specialities, or *cuisine cosmopolitaine*. An unusual and enterprising wine list — also wines *en carafe*. *Plat du jour* 5/-. Theatre Dinner and *a la carte*. *And* an atmosphere all its own!

"THE MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED——"

AND THE BRIDE'S MOTHER SAYS

that she will, of course, have the Green Lizard to do the Reception. They did her Dance so well, and the Cocktail Party, too.

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Gala for a Gourmet . . .

A most comprehensive Menu . . . new and appetising dishes . . . choice Wines . . . moderate tariff. Restful surroundings . . . Cocktail lounge, with the world-renowned "Vintage Bottle" frieze. Monsieur Bagole, the Chef Patron, looks forward to your visit, hoping it will be one of many you will enjoy at Maison Basque — London's new old restaurant.

Tables may be booked Regent 2462

Luncheon — Dinner — Supper. OPEN ON SUNDAYS

MAISON BASQUE, 11 Dover Street, Piccadilly, London, W.

KEMPINSKI'S

The most cosmopolitan restaurant in Mayfair, where a seventy-five years' tradition in the classic art of cooking is maintained by the famed Messrs. Hans and G. Kempinski. In the evening Jean Melville and Fred Aspinall, sensation on two pianos, will entertain you in the Savarin room. You may also dance after 10 p.m. Castelly and his piano and Marjorie Dale, the singing Cigarette Girl, will enchant and amuse you with their diversions in the tavern.

99/101, REGENT STREET (SWALLOW STREET). REGent 1686/7.

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and Tavern downstairs the good foods and good wine go with a swing. Remember that you can get any Continental speciality for the asking here. And the prices are very fair.

Note of the month, which appealed to our artist: I understand that Gerhardt K's grandfather, besides having taken his law exams at the age of sixty-five in America, was, previously I suppose, one of the strong men of his time, and once was seen holding back a horse-tram in New York in the manner indicated.

Hatchett's

NICE things are being said daily, by the pleasant people who go, of Hatchett's fairly recent decision to stack their restaurant with flowers. The directors would say, perhaps, that they are floral tributes to the increasing number of lovelies who make for this cool haven for their lunches and dinners. For Mayfair femininity seems to have taken the place to its heart.

The menu suits them better than ever now, too. Prices scaled down practically everywhere, and special "dishes recommended for the ladies" at about 2/- a time. Light wines for madame, while monsieur explores the vintages of the important list which is Hatchett's just pride. (Look at those champagne prices for value!) Boscasso does the honours with a benign suavity, and if you let him choose you a meal, he will be your friend, and you his, for ever.

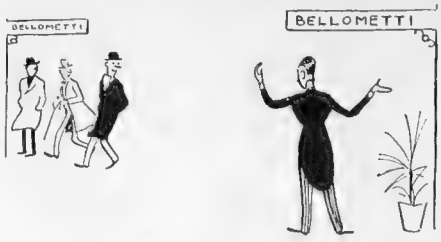
Progress note: apart from the novelties covered in this and preceding articles about Hatchett's, I have to report their new sofa seats around the walls, right and left as you come in down the Piccadilly steps. These will add to the comfort which is already more than somewhat. There are always those who make a bee-line for a sofa seat, and I congratulate Hatchett's on having catered for those. For whom do they *not* cater nowadays?

There is something most genial about the mixture of ancient and modern here, even though the ancientry is kept strictly to the associations and one or two heirlooms. The centuries find this Piccadilly coaching inn instinct with modernity.

Sofa seats at Hatchett's

Bellometti's

OR do you think of it as Le Perroquet? It is either and both, and you will see both names in Neons over the door of the new establishment that is opening just across the street from the old.



Bellometti Has Moved—Just Across the Road

Bellometti is a master, as host, as chef and as vintner. The many friends that he made on the western corner of Leicester Square will be coming across to the eastern end with him, and there will be a good amount of extra room for them to occupy.

When I went around the new premises the workmen were still in, but I got a fair idea of how it was going to function. There will be the same quick handing-in of hats and coats to the page, who remembers which is which without the need of a ticket. The kitchens will be above, and the cloakrooms below. There will be a crazy little alcove with a sort of box door for a single table at the far end of the room (this is an anomaly springing from the licensing laws, charming but inexplicable). The menu and prices will be as ever, and the wines are to find a better storage.

Bellometti is keen as mustard that his guests shall like his new quarters as much as he does. I think it is likely. And when the building on the corner opposite comes down, and the road widens according to plan, the surroundings should be as good as the restaurant itself.

Shepherd's Tavern, 50, Hertford Street, W.

THAT this is, first and last, a Mayfair pub is one of its great charms. That it should have been so since the days when it was surrounded by fields (the New Chesterfield Arms it was then), and partridges flew across Piccadilly at dusk, is history. That now, as the Shepherd's Tavern, it has acquired modernity and a novel purpose, is news.

The management refer to it, rather too modestly I think, as a Pub Where You Can Get Food. Certainly the bar parlour is a popular haunt of the smart and beautiful of the neighbourhood, and Martinis are almost as frequent demands as beer. Big chairs

London's latest centre *for* Continental films

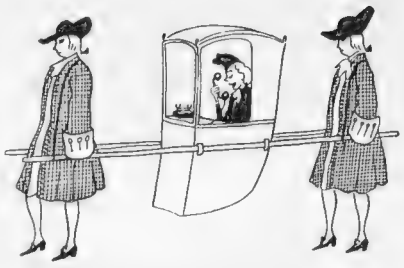
The *Paris* Cinema, London's latest centre for Continental films opens with a Gala Charity Premiere at 9.15 p.m. on April 20th. Thereafter there will be continuous performances from noon to 11.30 p.m. each day.

The Paris Cinema presents

La Bête Humaine

the sensational film from the story by Emile Zola, starring Jean Gabin and Simone Simon teamed together for the first time. See this film at London's newest and most comfortable cinema. Lower Regent Street, London, W.1. Telephone: ABBey 1311.

and sofas, soft lights and looks, old panelling and memories. A telephone booth in and of a sedan chair. The Rape of a Lock from under a Green Hat. But go upstairs when you 're hungry. The décor continues (that panelling, recently installed, is, bit by bit, more than 300 years old), and you come to a quiet room where good viands are served with modern flair and succulence.



Telephone comfort at Shepherd's Tavern

Prices very reasonable, and a well-thought-out short wine list. Seven days a week, but not Sunday lunch. Atmosphere very friendly, with, naturally, the Mayfair tinge. Open till 11 in the evenings. Sample prices: omelettes, 2/-; mixed grill, 3/6; pancakes, 9d. Three-course lunch, 3/6. Wines: average 6/- a bottle.

Find Shepherd's Tavern. Try its beer and food and wines, and you 'll put it on your list all right.

La Coquille

It did not surprise me to hear that a large party of Lebruns and friends had descended on La Coquille for dinner one night during the visit. Not the President, but his son and daughter, their respective wife and husband, the French Consul-General, and several others. I saw the menu and the delighted versicules that the delighted diners had written for the delighted M. Pagès on it. But Pagès says this is the first and last time I am ever to mention by name the celebrities who throng his (recently enlarged by a top room) restaurant.

Accommodating the overflow at La Coquille

People in need of light suppers and glasses of wine after the theatre are finding La Coquille answers their needs perfectly. Lunch and dinner are always house-full affairs, it seems. First-class food, good wines (light and en carafe are best-sellers), bustling service, and prices half what you could pay without flinching down Piccadilly way.

It is small wonder that nice people with nice manners but not too much money at all come in with other nice people with nice manners and plenty. The arts favour it, stage and literary, and there 's seldom a day when the street-level room doesn't give you a chance of saying, " Don't look now, but there 's . . ."

Not Sundays. Remember particularly the shell-fish, the vegetables, and the crêpes.

The Green Lizard

Princes St., Oxford Circus

Debs' morning coffee at the Green Lizard

A stream of smartly-dressed women pass through the doors; and you 'll guess then that it is something more than a cake-and-bun shop.

It is. It serves quite excellent morning coffee to harassed shoppers. Very good and very quick lunches and ditto teas. Its cakes sell as though they were hot.

And it is one of the most progressive and employed catering-for-parties places in the West End. When I was talking to Mr. Moeran, the man who runs the Green Lizard, he told me that that day they had three weddings and two cocktail-parties to manage. These were all " away " fixtures, but they have a room of their own for parties. Mr. Moeran tells me that his prices for catering are not cheap. But they certainly don't look expensive to me. Mothers of brides and debs can assess that better than I.

At lunch-time their quick service is an asset both to people in a hurry and to themselves. And they like people not to sit too long over their cigarettes after the meal.

Prices are low and dishes light. Coffee is v.g. Eggs, omelettes, sandwiches and salads always in demand. It is glorified private-home cooking, and brought to you by charming waitresses. Lunch and tea only, but not Sundays, and Saturdays close at 2.30.

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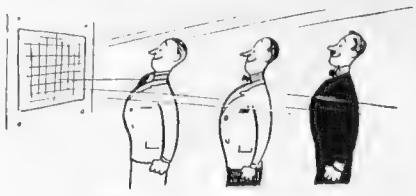
The New Queen's



The New Queen's for a breath of fresh air

FROM strength to strength it goes on. It was never the policy of the New Queen's to be content with mere popularity and populousness; both of which it acquired long since. You will always find the same brisk air of "We want you to like this place, and, if you don't, please tell us why" down there.

Now, I understand, they are overhauling the air-conditioning plant. To me the Bierkeller has for years been a haunt whose temperatures I could trust to be perfect for my mood and the weather outside. But even if improvement means a complete new plant, they seem glad to make it. Now that the summer is on its way, you might remember it as a cool retreat when the pavements and roads are egg-fryable-on.

The Cresta Bar upstairs—or rather, on the ground level—is making a hit with its hors d'œuvres and Scandinavian sandwich specialities. You take those with beer of the house, or wine by the glass, and, perhaps still till the end of the month, after the oysters for which the Cresta has acquired a quick name. Little tables where you can eat your snacks in comfort if the bar doesn't attract. And always as good a propinquity to the increasing galaxy of movie-houses, whither you can go, and whence you probably return, for a savoury and a beer into the midnight hour.

Lunches are getting so that it 's wise to book a table.

Café de l'Europe

Chef in glass house at the Café de l'Europe

I REMEMBER when the slogan of the Café de l'Europe was "Choice of Forty Dishes." I think they don't use that much nowadays, though its meaning still obtains. Do you know where it is? Next door to the new Warner Theatre which used to be the old Daly's. A large, glass-sided rendezvous with a green décor, many small tables, a snack-bar on the right as you go in, and a glass-surrounded grill in the middle. Very high ceiling, and a nice, fresh atmosphere even at the most rush hours.

It 's a great place to go for lunch, and I found their 2/6 table d'hôte well worthy of recommendation. Enormous choice of viands for three courses, and coffee (wonderful to relate) thrown in. For that money you get your hors d'œuvre on as lavish a trolley as you 'll find in 8/6 lunch restaurants, and the sweets come round similarly displayed and numerous for your choice. You can get, and a surprisingly large number of people do, hock and claret by the glass.

There is no table d'hôte at night, but the service is rapid and efficient, and you can see your steak being grilled behind those glass barriers. It comes to your table with the minimum of distance between. Open till midnight. The snack-bar does a fine trade throughout the day, but you can get a full meal any time—4 o'clock, if you want it. Sundays it opens at 4.30.

The Paris Cinema

WELL, you 've eaten your fill, and now it 's time for a movie. And the Marquis de Casa Maury's new venture in Lower Regent Street deserves special mention. He is, as you know, the power behind the Curzon in Mayfair, and that will tell you a good deal about the new Paris. The architecture is as brilliant and as functional here as there.

I 've been around it during its last stages of finish (it opens with a bang to-morrow) and I can only say that you 'd better go along and find out what cinema-viewing comfort can really be. Appointments are luxurious and beautifully severe. The seats spacious and soft. The ceiling is bombproof, and I imagine I 'm right in saying it is the only cinema in London which has a bombproof shelter next to it. A bitter-sweet thought.

The prices are 2/6, 3/6, and 6/-, the last bookable. The first film to be shown is *La Bête Humaine*, with Jean Gabin and the Hollywood-returned Simone Simon. It has you gripping the sides of your chair, and, I can tell you again, those chairs will be very soft to grip. The films they will show are going to be of the Curzon type, the best foreign. Good luck to the new Paris!

EDAX.

En route for new Paris Cinema

Pictures of *La Bête Humaine* are on pp. 94-5

Player's
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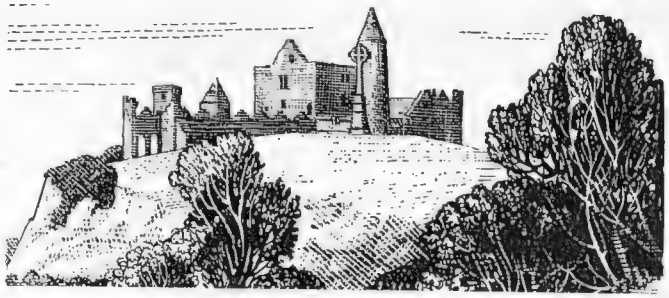

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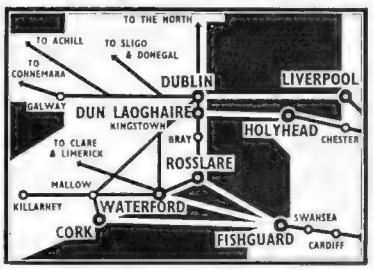

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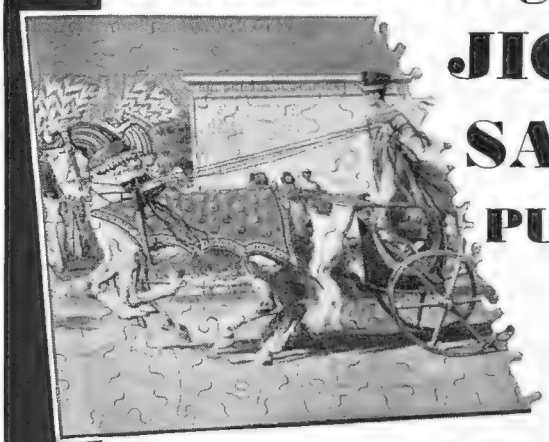

A section of the magnificent drawing "Nefertiti," by F. Matania, R.I., is shown.

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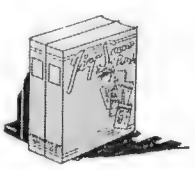

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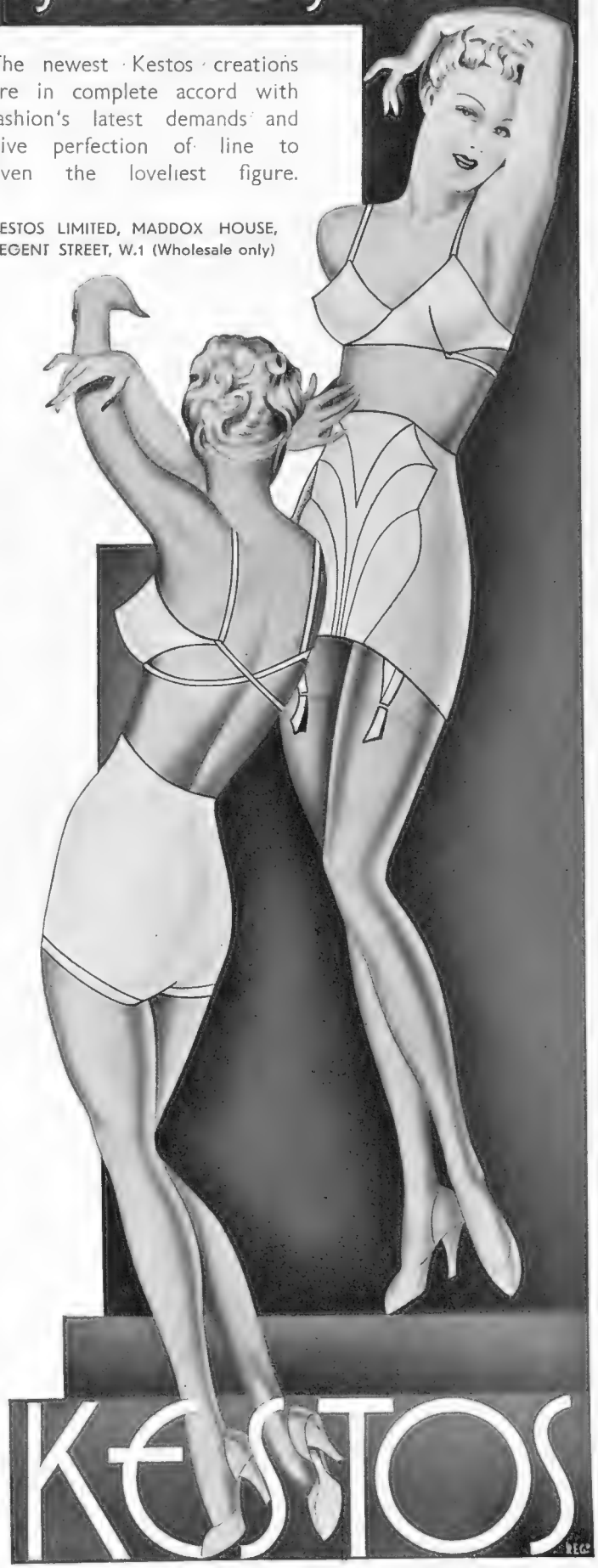

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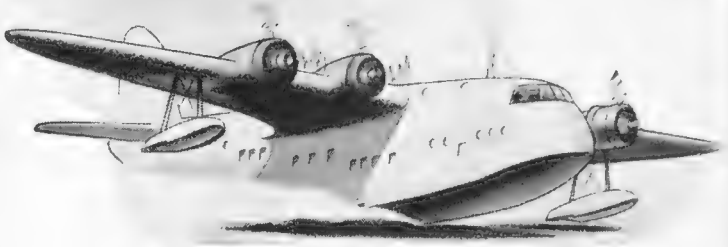

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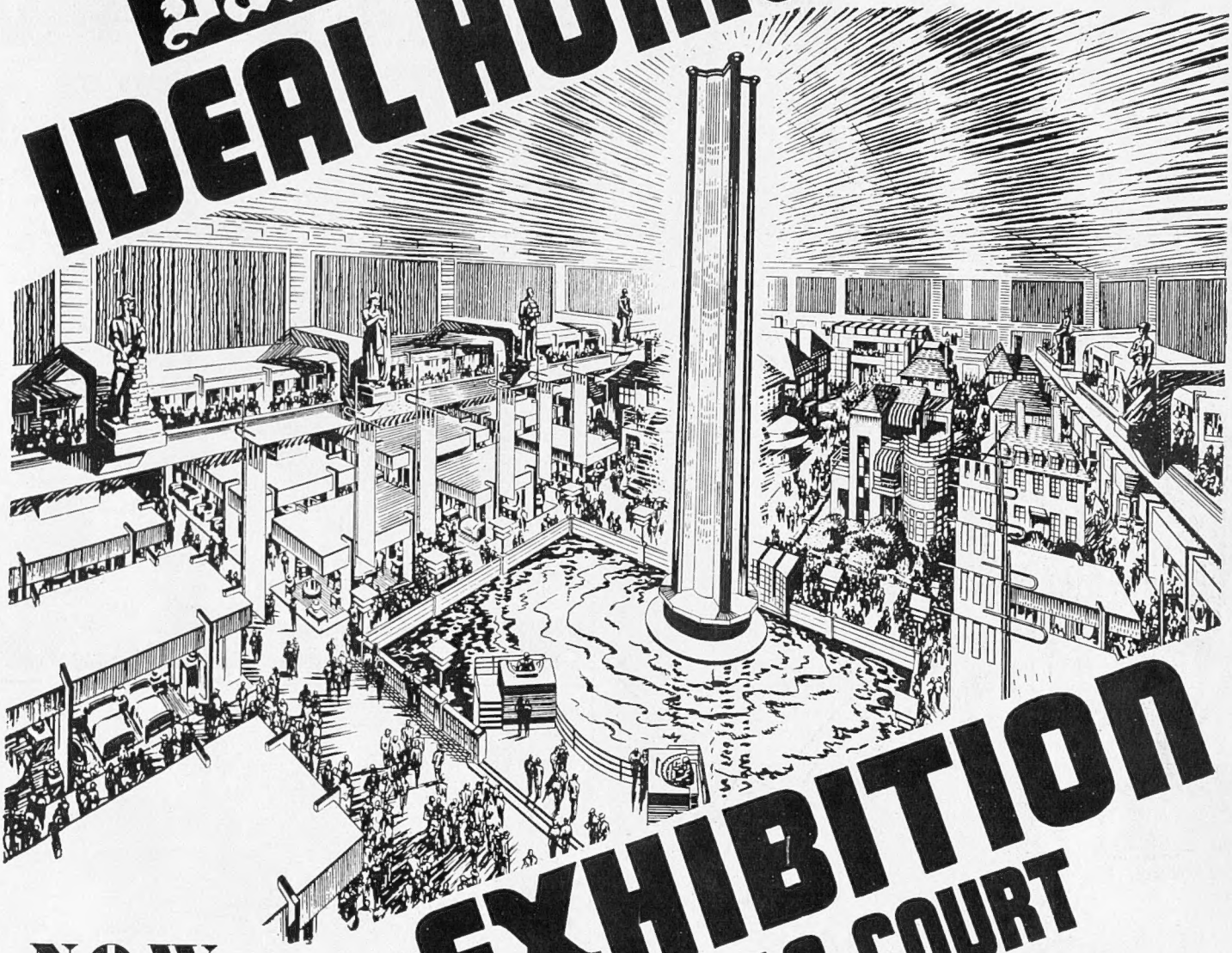

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